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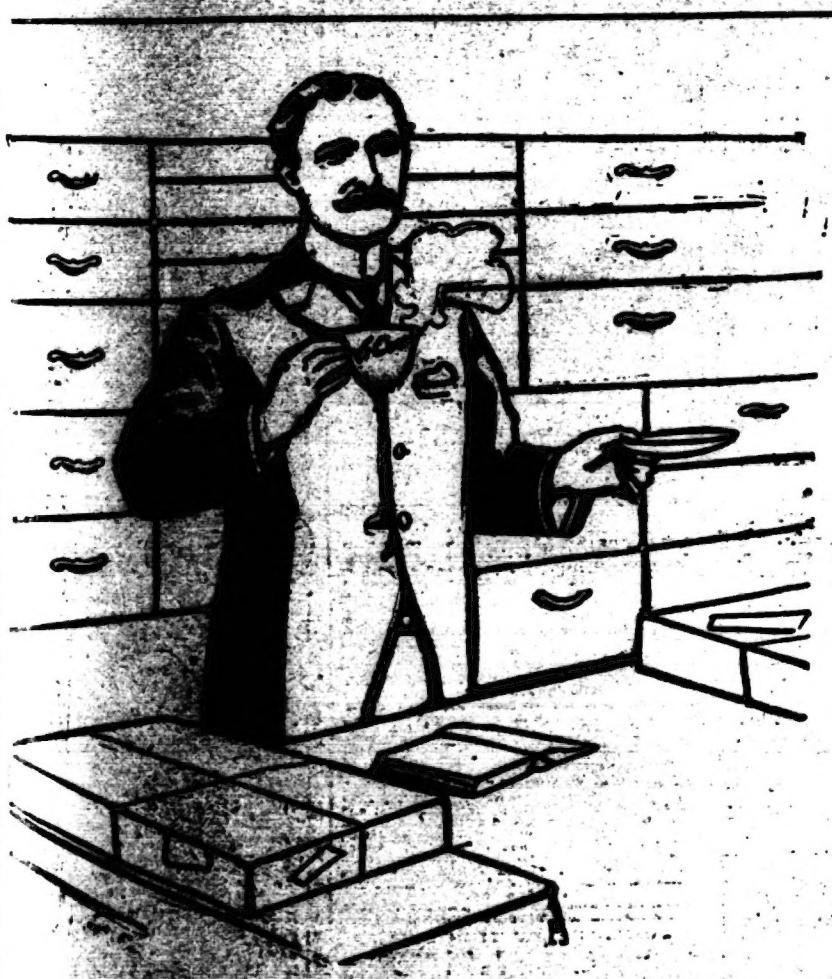

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TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 788. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 24, 1905. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. ONE PENNY.

WHAT COLOUR LOOKS COOLEST ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY?

Some Opinions by Ladies Most Likely to Know.

[IN order to discover an answer to the question which forms the heading to this article, we wrote to some of the leading modistes in London. All of those whose names appear below are great authorities on the subject of ladies' dresses, and their replies will therefore prove not only interesting but useful to lady readers. It will be noticed that the majority of the experts select pale green as the coolest colour, while the remainder chose grey, pale blue, or white.—ED. *P.W.*]

Nature's Example.

SOFT and pale shades of green, to follow Nature's example.

HELENE ALEXIA.

"Of Sea Water Green, Sir."

I SHOULD certainly suggest either a sea or apple-green.

KATE ALLISON.

Taught by Experience.

I HAVE been a practical Court dressmaker for many years now, and the result of my experience shows that pure white is decidedly the coolest colour.

OCTAVIE BERTINET.

"If White were a Colour."

PALE green, colour of halfpenny postage stamp at present in use. It would be white—if white were a colour.

BERTHE BONELLA.

Neither Green nor White.

GREY is, I think, the coolest colour.

MARISCO BOSHUIJZEN.

Ha'penny Stamps and Simplicity.

WHITE and green, the exact shade of present halfpenny stamp, conveys to me the greatest amount of coolness in dress. The more simple and conventional the pattern the cooler the effect.

R. M. EDWARD.

Restful to the Eye.

IN my opinion pale eau-de-nil looks quite the coolest on a hot summer's day, besides being to my mind very restful to the eye.

L. HARVEY.

(Of Robinson & Cleaver.)

Not Forgetting the Sunshade.

WHITE, with a pale-green sunshade.

MADAME HAYWARD.

Colour Unnecessary.

SHOULD colour be necessary I consider pale green most restful to the eye; but no colour is comparable to white for cooling effect on a hot summer's day.

LILIAN MAY.

Beware of Yellow.

A SOFT green with blue in it—not yellow—looks coolest, and, when that is unbecoming, pale grey.

E. J. MOXON.

"In Homely Grey."

IN my opinion the palest shade of grey is the coolest colour on a hot summer's day.

REBEKAH.

But, is Green Unlucky?

GREEN, in all its shades, especially the palest, looks coolest. But green is not a favourite colour; it is considered unlucky. After green, light shades of blue and lavender.

BETTY O'HARA.

To Match a Cloudless Sky.

PALEST blue is my ideal colour for the hottest summer day's wear. For how refreshing and cool it looks with a background of green leaves, and matching the cloudless blue sky!

M. SANGER.

Opinions Differ, but—

THERE must be as many opinions as tastes in regard to colour, but for a hot summer's day I think pale green should certainly rank first. Nothing can be more refreshingly cool than the garb in which Nature arrays herself for the hot season of the year.

E. BURLACE ANDERSON.

(Of Lewis & Allenby.)

Green First, Green Last.

I THINK pale green much the coolest colour; it is so restful to the eye.

ELSIE TEAGUE.

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A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR ALL OUR . . . READERS . . .

WE propose to begin a series of short competitions, the first prize in each case being £100 a year for five years.

The first competition will run for only eight weeks, and the task set will be extremely simple. Under these conditions the offer is unquestionably the most liberal that has ever been made, and every reader of P. W. who wishes to insure against lack of cash for the next five years should make a serious endeavour to win one of these magnificent prizes.

The competitions will be open to everyone of ordinary intelligence and will prove a restful and profitable pastime for the evening.

By a simple arrangement the possibility of a tie will be avoided.

BACON: "I suppose, like most women, your wife wants the earth?"

EGBERT: "Well, yes; but I have learnt that she don't want it on her parlour carpet."

"THIS seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the door-step.

"It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, "for a dream soon vanishes, you know."

He vanished.

HETTY: "Looking over the dictionary again? Evidently you find it intensely interesting."

Bertha: "No, not interesting, but amusing. It spells words so differently from the way I spell them, you know."

LOVERS! TAKE WARNING.

Two lovers loved the self-same maid,
And one, unduly stupid,
Did not go near the girl, but sent
His valentine by Cupid.

The other lover, wiser far,
Moved by some subtle presage,
Concluded that he'd better go
Himself and take his message.

Now, Cupid who's a tricky elf,
Sometimes neglects his duties,
He did not give the maid the card—
The naughty boy played truant.

And went away somewhere and played,
And, as might be expected,
The maiden took the man she saw,
The other was rejected.

MORAL.

If you're in love with any girl,
Remember that it's better,
To take your valentine yourself,
And then maybe you'll get her.

OWNER: "What right have you to take fish from my waters?"

Angler (sorrowfully): "I'm not taking your fish; I'm feeding them."

OLD WISEACRE: "All the world's a stage, my boy, and men and women merely players."

Sharp Youngster: "Yes; but if that's so, where are you going to get your audience and orchestra?"

TOM: "You are dearer to me than life!"

Maud: "Oh, pshaw!"

Tom: "But I mean it! It didn't cost me a farthing to get into this world, but your last diamond alone cost me a cool twenty pounds."

JUDGE: "It seems to me I've seen you before."

Prisoner: "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Twenty years."

HUMBER: "Were you living on Faraway Beach during your holiday?"

Grumsly: "No; it was living on me. I was the only visitor."

DOBSON: "In the account of that wedding yesterday they speak about the 'blushing bride.' I wish to goodness they would invent a new phrase or two."

Mrs. Dobson: "Well, dear, when you think of the sort of men girls have to marry nowadays, you cannot wonder at them blushing."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

IT was one of those raw, foggy days in London when P.C. Bluffem stood outside the gates of Breakemin Barracks. This was his favourite haunt, and as he stood soliloquising a new recruit came out of the barracks, spied the constable, and saluted with much gusto. Bluffem called him back.

"What's the salute for, matey?" he inquired. "Didn't you know it was only me, the p'liceman?"

"Oh! I knew you wasn't no officer," said the recruit, "but anyfink is good enough to practice on."

"YES, I was sorry to see Jack Goodley married to Miss Roxley."

"Sorry! For his sake or hers?"

"For mine. I wanted her."

"I'M sorry, but I can't pay your bill to-day."

"It has been running a long time, sir."

"All the more reason, then," was the bland reply, "that it should be given a rest."

"I'M sure you would be cool in the presence of danger, Billy."

"Well, I don't want to boast, Agnes, but you should have seen the way I kept my nerve when I called on your father."

THEY BOTH HAD DOUBTS.

A CERTAIN clergyman, who shall be nameless, tells the following good story against himself, relating to an experience he had when crossing the Atlantic recently. He had been unable to get a state-room for himself, but, on assurances by the purser that he would have for a room-mate some companionable gentleman, he accepted what he could get.

"Now, after a short while," says the narrator, "I began to find myself thinking of some valuables that I had about me, and went with them finally to the purser to intrust them to his keeping.

"'I would explain to you,' I said to the purser, 'that I am very much pleased with my room-mate. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that—that is—I wouldn't have you think my coming to you with these valuables is—er—a—any reflection upon him—you know. His appearance is in every way——'

"And here," the narrator says, "the purser interrupted me with a somewhat broad smile.

"'Yes, sir, it's all right—he has come to me with some valuables also, and he says the very same thing about you.'"

Every grocer should buy this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. It contains articles of special interest to all grocers, and splendid cash prizes are offered to grocers only.

The Mysteries of Modern London.©

Behind Brick Walls.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

HOUSES WITH STRANGE SECRETS.

WHEN the interior of a house is set upon the stage, the fourth wall is always down in order that the audience may see what is going on. In real life the dramas within the domestic interior are played with the fourth wall up. Sometimes through the windows we may catch a passing glance of domestic comedy, but when it comes to drama, care is taken that no passer-by shall have a free entertainment.

I am going to take the fourth wall down to-day, not only of a private house here and there, but of certain public and philanthropic institutions. The Londoner out and about passes scores of such buildings in an ordinary day's walk and hardly notices them. He has no thought of the strange romances, of the dramatic mysteries, which lie behind the dull brick walls.

Here in a busy thoroughfare is an excellent institution which offers harbourage to the fair frail craft that almost at the outset of life's voyage have been driven on the rocks of sin and shame, or have drifted perilously near to them.

Though it is known by another name, I will call it a Rescue Home, for its work is the rescue of young women in peril of evil, and the sheltering of those who, having fallen, need a friendly and protecting hand to save them from being engulfed in the depths.

Some who had Tried and Failed.

It is an ordinary-looking house. There is nothing about it to attract attention; nothing to suggest the mighty war between the evil and the good that is being waged behind its dull brick walls.

If we enter we shall find young girls and young women going about the work and occupation of the day silently and soberly. All are young, some are pretty, some are haggard and wan and show signs of the storm through which they have passed before they made the harbour. About a third of them are London born, the others came from the quiet country to the city paved with gold, and in its glitter and glamour were lost.

A large number are of the servant class. Of 106 who were inmates of this home during one year, 74 had been in domestic service, and of these 65 had been "generals." The predominance of this class is accounted for by the fact that 99 of the 106 had "wandered and lost their way" between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. Of the remainder 5 were factory hands, 8 laundry workers, 2 sempstresses, and 2 girls still at school.

Many of the girls had tried to regain the right path and failed because of their friendlessness. Some of them had homes, but the doors were closed against them.

Look at this frail, pale girl of eighteen. There is a look in the sad brown eyes raised to yours as you pass her at her work which goes straight to your heart. She is a girl who, penitent and broken-hearted, wrote to her father imploring him to let her return to her home. Here is the letter she received in reply to her despairing appeal:

A Disgrace to the Family.

"BESSIE,—We are surprised to think that you should ever have the cheek to write to us again and to think we should give you another chance. I think you have had a good chance, and we do not intend to give you any more—in fact, if you dare to come and see us we will shut the door in your face, for you are a disgrace to the family. . . . You said that you wanted to go your own way, now you can go your own way. . . . You need not take the trouble ever to write to us again, for if you do it will be sent back unopened; at the same time you know if ever I should meet you it won't be good for you."

But all the inmates are not of the ordinary class. With regard to some of them there is a mystery that is never penetrated. That they are of superior birth and education they cannot conceal, but for the rest they are silent.

Not long since in this Home, at the hour when the Ladies' Committee was sitting, a visitor came who particularly wished to see them.

Shown in, she handed to the Committee a bank-note for £20, and to the surprise of everyone explained that it was a thankoffering. A few years previously this charming and beautifully-dressed lady had been herself an inmate of the Institution. She told her story frankly.

In a moment of temptation she had quitted her home, leaving no word behind which would enable her parents to trace her.

Her wilful course led her down step by step until she found herself an outcast from decent society, and she was then ashamed to let her friends know of her whereabouts.

One night she came to the Refuge and applied for admission. She was taken in, and after eighteen months' training she was placed in domestic service. Shortly afterwards, in quite a remarkable way, her father discovered her and took her home. Her father was a man of wealth holding a high position in Society.

When the "rescued" woman left the institution she was seen to enter a carriage which had been waiting a few doors lower down. The coachman and footman were in aristocratic liveries and had powdered hair.

What writer of fiction would have placed in a refuge for fallen women a girl who, while she was training there for domestic service, had a father whose menservants wore powdered hair?

But behind the brick walls that strange romance was being worked out, and the mystery of the girl's identity remains unsolved to this day.

Here is a house that looks like a private residence standing in its own grounds. There is a wall in front of it, and the door in this wall is solid and shuts out a view of the garden.

A Tragedy of Mirth.

It stands in a broad, busy thoroughfare, and thousands of people pass it daily on foot or by 'bus and tram. They glance at the house carelessly, perhaps, but very few of them know what lies behind the hiding walls.

Here not long ago, in the shady garden, sat a monarch of merriment, a lord of laughterland, a bright comedian who had won world-wide fame, and whose quips and cranks had made the nation gay. He was beloved by all who love honest mirth. He was the idol of the people. And behind the high wall he sat day after day, haunted by morbid fancies, a prey to strange delusions, now singing a snatch of some old song of his that had echoed round the world, now imagining that once again he was travelling with a little show and had to wheel his "props" and his baggage on a truck from the station to the little hall in which the evening show was to take place. Sometimes he would be patronising, and generously bestow a knighthood or a baronetcy on an attendant. One day he would raise the kindly doctor who had charge of him to the peerage, and the next, forgetting that he had thousands at the bank, he would worry about some imaginary financial difficulty involving a few pounds.

He left this retreat after a time, cured, it was supposed, and once more the public thronged to see him and to laugh at his jokes and antics, and to cheer him frantically. Alas! it was but a temporary lifting of the cloud. There was a relapse, and then the end came swiftly and mercifully.

I never see the pleasant retreat and look at the sheltering wall but I think of the delightful droll whom I knew and loved, and who passed the months of his madness here, his presence unsuspected by the thousands who passed by. They little thought what a tragedy of mirth lay hidden away behind the few yards of brick wall.

Here, in a mean street in a poor district, is a house let out in rooms. In the lower front room the ragged dirty blind is down. From this house you will see in a couple of hours, if you wait and watch, a grand funeral procession start. There will be an open car drawn by a pair of horses, and on it will be a wreath-laden coffin. Funeral coaches and four-wheel cabs will follow with many mourners, and the street will be filled with a crowd of women and children assembled to see the grand funeral of Widow Wilson's eldest son.

While you are waiting for the funeral car and carriages to arrive, I will take down the fourth wall. Now you can see inside the room with the drawn blind.

It is a poverty-stricken, squalid room. In the centre is a rickety table, round which the widow and her three remaining children are gathered, making a scanty meal before they put on their black to follow the dead lad to the cemetery. The thin stew has been taken from the fire, and is being served out on chipped and cracked plates to the children, and in the centre of the table at which the family are dining lies the corpse.

I am not inventing the details to paint a picture of life among the poor—I am giving the actual facts as discovered by the School Board officer of the district who called to inquire why one of the children had not attended school the previous day.

Living and Dead as Room-mates.

No one seeing the elaborate and expensive funeral that started a couple of hours later from the house could have imagined the scene there was to be witnessed behind the brick wall. The living and the dead had been together in that one room for over a week.

There are many reasons why funerals are not hurried in the poorer districts. Here is a case in which one was delayed for three weeks.

Mrs. Jones's baby died just as it was completing its first year's experience of life. Mr. Jones drew the money from the burial club and gave an order to the undertaker. But before the day fixed for the funeral arrived Mr. Jones had lost half the money by backing horses that didn't win. In his distress he spent the balance at the public-house. "No money, no funeral," was the undertaker's motto, so the baby uncoffined, but shrouded in a sheet, was left in the cupboard.

Mrs. Jones, when the disaster was made known to her, told her story to her poor neighbours. They generously clubbed together, and in a few days they handed her the needed amount.

In her gratitude Mrs. Jones invited a few of her neighbours who had not subscribed to drink the health of those who had.

The health-drinking affected Mrs. Jones so much that returning home she was absent-minded, and the balance of the funeral money was stolen from her by a thief who had followed her out of the public-house.

The body lay in the cupboard for another week, and the news of the delayed funeral reaching the authorities, an official called, and baby was at last taken away and buried by the parish.

That was the greatest punishment that could have been inflicted on the parents.

If a modern Asmodeus, instead of lifting the roof, would take us around London and remove the fourth walls we should be astonished at the tragedy, or moved to laughter by the farcical comedy, that would be suddenly revealed.

If, for instance, the wall were down to-night in front of this "desirable residence" in a West-end square, we should see into the bedroom of the son of the house.

The family have retired for the night. Up in his own room the son, a good-looking, elegant, and cultured young man of five and twenty, is gloating over his treasures.

He has locked his door, and now he is contemplating with the most intense satisfaction several sets of false teeth which he has arranged on a little table in front of him.

A Strange Kind of Kleptomania.

His own teeth are sound and white. He has no need for false ones. Why, then, has he bought twenty sets?"

He has not purchased them. He has stolen them.

His peculiar form of kleptomania is appropriating false teeth. He steals them whenever he has a chance. He abstracts them from the door-cases of dentists, from the shops in which they are displayed. He would not dream of being dishonest in any other way, but false teeth have an irresistible fascination for him.

If we were to take down the wall of a still more aristocratic residence we might see a lady of title opening a drawer and carefully counting her large store of serviettes. The astonishing thing about her collection is that the monograms are all different.

Wherever this lady lunches or dines she secures a serviette, puts it in her pocket, and takes it home to add to her vast assortment.

The young man could afford to buy the false teeth he fancies so much; the titled lady could buy serviettes all day long without feeling the outlay. But both prefer to *steal* the article that they have such a strange desire to possess.

We will look through one more brick wall before we finish our present trip.

Once more it is a "Rescue Home" in front of which we pause. The wall is down, and we see into a well-ordered house in which a number of young women are engaged in various occupations.

Look well at that short, pale-faced girl, whose features bear traces of the life she has lived, the sorrow she has known.

A Pathetic Story of Fidelity.

She is going about her work quietly, silently, mechanically. You would think to look at her that she had been a general servant of the "slavey" type in some poor household. As a matter of fact she described herself, when the police demanded her occupation, as "a charwoman."

But the girl is only twenty-one now, and probably never did a day's "charing" in her life, unless she would so describe the occasional tidying up of the room in which she once lived as the companion of a young professional burglar.

A short time ago I saw this girl at the Old Bailey trying to save the life of her lover by committing perjury. I have never witnessed a more pathetic scene.

The great beads of agony stood on the girl's brow as she looked at the youth on his trial for murder, and endeavoured to retract the damning admissions she had previously made to the police—admissions which led to her lover's arrest, and practically put the rope round his neck.

The law has laid the man in a murderer's grave within the prison walls. The girl a few days before his execution bore a dead child.

In two months of her young life she sounded the deepest depths of human tragedy. She has known a torture and a despair which few women of her age have been fated to endure.

But in this quiet home she is being cared for and tended, and noble-hearted women are waiting and hoping for the moment when she can be given the chance of a better life.

In the pocket of the dress she wears there are two letters carefully wrapped up in thick paper to preserve them. They are the last letters her murderer lover wrote her. She will treasure them all her life.

If in the early days of the trial we could have removed the wall of the prison in which this man was confined we should have seen him scratching the girl's portrait on the door of his cell with the point of a common pin, and labelling her with a word that expressed his anger against her for telling the truth about him when she fell into the hands of the police.

He is dead, but behind the grey walls upon which we are gazing to-day is the life tragedy of the girl he left behind him.

(Next week: "The Social Mask.")

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"How I Made My Business," by Sir Thomas Lipton; "Grocers' Shops with Bad Colds," "How to Start a Small Shop," and "How to Succeed as a Grocer," are a few of the articles in this week's splendid Grocer Number of SMITH'S WEEKLY.

Should Day-Trippers be Encouraged?

SOME OPINIONS BY TOWN CLERKS OF SEASIDE RESORTS.

[THE question which heads this page is of such general interest that the opinions of the Town Clerks of seaside resorts have been obtained. These are given below.]

Money Makes the Man.

DAY-trippers ought to be encouraged to visit Clovelly. They bring a lot of money into the village, the old fishermen make a good livelihood by landing them from steamers, and the villagers make a living by providing refreshments.

G. Charles Caird

His Room Preferred to His Company.

WHERE, as here at Felixstowe, the beach is narrow and fully occupied by resident visitors and their families, the day tripper is not encouraged. Had we a wide stretch of beach and plenty of restaurant accommodation he would be welcomed.

F. B. Jennings

Before Swelldom Arrives.

I AM inclined to think that the answer to your question depends in a great measure upon the kind of day-tripper you refer to, and also upon whether the place visited holds itself out to cater for their amusement. In the case of Herne Bay, I think the townspeople would welcome the better class of day-tripper in the early portion of the season—June and July—but at no time do they encourage the visits of the rowdy beanfeaster.

Joseph Judd

A Welcome Awaits Him.

CONSIDERING the number and general character of the day-trippers that come into the Lizard, together with the scope and facilities that Nature affords to visitors to enjoy their rest and quietude, I am inclined to encourage rather than discourage the day-tripper.

J. Cowardine

"Let 'Em All Come!"

So far as Minster-on-Sea is concerned, yes, emphatically yes! Even if the trippers only come down for a few hours it will do them good. This beautiful health-giving locality is practically unknown. It can now be reached by steamboat from London, and is the only place on the Kent coast where the tripper may have five hours on shore after leaving the steamer. Let the trippers come by all means! The late Sir Edwin Arnold wrote of it as London's sea garden, and that it would eventually be visited by thousands. There is plenty of air space for all.

Geo. Rainer

Will be Kindly Received.

I CAN only give my opinion that, so far as Newport, Isle of Wight, is concerned, the day-tripper should be encouraged.

H. R. Hooper

Why Discourage?

PROVIDED suitable places such as Shoreham are selected for the day trips, I see no reason why they should be discouraged. To do so would be a great hardship on many who have no other means of getting a glimpse of the country or sea.

Henslee Ross

Should Wrap their Sandwiches in Serviettes.

THIS would appear to me to depend entirely on the nature of the district. At Sidmouth we do not at all wish for them, and as our town is a mile from the railway station we get very few, and even then the refuse strewn along the front needs special attention.

Albert Orchard

To Know Him is to Like Him.

THE day-tripper should be encouraged. He is welcome at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. He behaves well, enjoys the charming view of the Solent, with ocean liners, battle ships, and yachts passing about a mile from shore, breathes the ozone, admires the quaintness of the eighth century old town, spends what he will, and, whether one shilling or ten shillings, we are glad to see him, and he returns home a happier and better man.

J. A. Cole

Should be Prohibited by Act of Parliament.

IN my opinion the day-tripper should in every way be discouraged from visiting Teignmouth. My experience is that the tripper spends but little money in the town. He brings his own food with him, and, although he spends a certain amount on drink in the town, it is only a small majority of the licensed victuallers that benefit. We get many very undesirable trippers here; on occasions train-loads of half-drunken people have been let loose upon the town, and there can be no doubt that the encouragement of day-trippers results in driving and keeping away from the town the most desirable class of visitors. Thank Heaven! we have none of the so-called attractions of which Blackpool and other seaside places boast; but the visitor who takes lodgings for two or three weeks and spends a considerable sum amongst the tradesmen during his stay is not tempted to come here, if he finds that hordes of day-trippers invade the town day after day. I for one, should like to see put on the Statute Book an Act of Parliament enabling the inhabitants of a town, through their Governing Body, to veto the introduction of day trippers. This could be done by limiting the minimum price of excursion tickets issued by the railway companies.

Many a visitor who comes to stay for a few weeks remains or comes back as a permanent resident; but I am firmly convinced that, as our day-trippers increase in numbers, our new residents will decrease in numbers, while those who do come to live here will be of a lower and less wealthy class.

A. Gravel Well]

Specially Catered For.

I HAVE no hesitation in saying: "Yes, the day-tripper should be encouraged." We have a large number coming to Whitstable during the season, and as a rule they are well conducted, and everything possible is done by the caterers to the public to making their visits pleasant and agreeable.

D. Daniels

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

A COUNTRY clergyman vouches for the truth of this story. Having arrived at that point in the baptismal service where the infant's name is conferred, he said:

"Name this child."

"Original Story," said the sponsor-nurse.

"What do you say?" he asked in surprise.

"Original Story," she repeated in clear, deliberate tones.

"It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?"

"Original Story—that's right," she declared.

"Is it a family name?" the minister persisted.

"Named after his uncle, sir," explained the nurse, getting red in the face.

And so as Original Story the unoffending little fellow was christened. It was some weeks after this event that the minister made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm labourer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.

MISTRESS: "Mary, these banisters always seem dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and hers are as bright and smooth as glass."

MARY: "She has three small boys, mum."

MILTON: "Gibson doesn't seem to be getting rich at poultry raising."

Bilton: "No; but he says his hens have taken to eating their own eggs, and he has hopes that they'll become self-supporting."

"WHAT were those two women quarrelling about out on the verandah?"

"Why, they were coming in together, and when they got to the door they both said, 'Age before beauty,' at the same time."

RESENTING HIS REMARKS.

THE bowler in a Yorkshire cricket match the other Saturday was in the act of delivering a ball when something moved across the sight-screen, and the batsman, who wore spectacles, stepped back and made no attempt to play the ball. "A shadow on the sight-screen!" he explained.

Amid roars of laughter the game was stopped until a player drove the by no means youthful steed employed on the ground out of the line of vision. Even then the match was not resumed, for one of the umpires had something to say.

Leaving his post at the bowler's wicket, he strode up to the batsman and blurted out, indignantly: "Look 'ere, mister, I wants none of your insolence! That"—pointing to the horse—"ain't a shadder! That's a 'oss, and wot's more, 'e's my 'oss!"

JACK: "Charley, why don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She is rich, and is regarded as the pearl of her sex."

Charley: "I know it, my boy, but I dislike the mother of pearl."

"MY daughter has developed a perfect passion for music," said a proud parent.

"Yes," replied her neighbour, "but it's nothing to the passion your daughter's music arouses in my husband!"

"BEATS," "SCOOPS," & "EXCLUSIVES."

When Editors have Overdone it.

THIS is the day of enterprise in journalism, and extremely peculiar are some of the forms it takes. Possibly the latest thing in journalism is the paper which has been produced in Paris which bears the title L'INVISIBLE. This new paper is a decidedly funereal-looking production. It is quite unlike anything that has ever been seen before, because it is printed on black, carbonised paper, with white ink. The periodical well deserves its title of THE INVISIBLE, for it is almost impossible to read it.

The greatest desire of model journalists seems to lie in the direction of "firsts," "exclusives," "beats," "scoops," or whatever else that special news may be termed. This fashion has reached a very high pitch, not merely on the other side of the Atlantic, but also in the Old Country and on the Continent. So far has it gone that a French journal, which is published in the afternoon, contains the following delightful editorial note: "We were the first to announce, on the 5th inst., the news of the battle of X——. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report is absolutely devoid of foundation."

One of the newest moves in journalism comes from Western America. It has been decided that in the future brides may write their own wedding notices. The first paper to suggest this idea was the Atchinson GLOBE; it is also the first to pay the penalty. This is how a local bride, who is not to be married until the end of the month, sent an advance notice of her wedding.

"The bride is one of the most accomplished girls in Atchinson. She was considered the best dancer in the town before she was sixteen, and old women were praising her drawn work before she was twelve. This is not her first opportunity to wed. She has been to New York five times, and received a proposal from a different man every time. The groom is in luck to get her. Her wedding dress is very costly, and her wedding outfit most complete." Here follow fifty lines describing the wedding dress. "The bride had so many dresses made," continues the notice, "that she had nervous prostration, the result of being tried on, and at one time had four doctors."

Another novelty in journalism is illustrated in the following manner in the TAIHAPE POST: "In consequence of the ungentlemanly conduct of Mr. Smith, exhibited at a social, in abusing the editor of the POST when intrusted with the privilege of responding to the toast of 'The Press,' we have decided that in future this paper will not publish a report of any function or meeting which Mr. Smith is considered good enough to attend."

Equally candid is an editorial note in an American journal known as the DES MOINES REGISTER. It reads: "The lady (?) who, on Friday, called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat both laughed heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticise a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk bought with money due to us. Tell your husband to send us 40 dollars 75 cents and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants."

Surely after such a pathetic appeal even the most recalcitrant of debtors will pay up! Doubtless by this time the editor of the REGISTER has got his breeches.

A short time ago one of our leading London penny newspapers performed the remarkable feat of describing in the morning a Court that did not take place until the night following. There were detailed accounts of how their Majesties entered the hall, with the beauty and chivalry of the land passing before them in a continuous stream. Magnificent descriptions were written in the style of the following: "Not until the last *débutante* had made her curtsey did the King and Queen seek the rest that was to prepare them for the not less busy day on the morrow."

Following the example set by this paper, a ladies' periodical published a detailed description of a Goodwood meeting. This periodical is a monthly journal, and it is obvious that the event had been written up long beforehand. However, the periodical made a big mistake; it numbered among the notabilities present the King and Queen, who were not in England, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who were also absent.

This is not the first time that the monthly paper just mentioned has given an unintelligent anticipation of events. Some time ago now it gave an elaborate account of a gala performance which never took place owing to unforeseen circumstances.

Very flowery is the Japanese style of English journalism. For instance, the first number of a new Japanese Buddhist journal has appeared. This is called the THUNDERING DAWN, and the editor makes his bow before the public in the following words:

"This paper has come from the mists of eternity, just as we all came. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lamps, ants, men, and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

"Are Business Holidays Honest?" is the subject of a splendid article in the current number of SMITH'S WEEKLY, Price One Penny.

Questions Worth Answering

Why are Hats Worn in Parliament?

During the reign of King John (1199), the King agreed to settle the difficulty with Philip II. of France respecting the Dutchy of Normandy by single combat. John, Earl of Ulster, was the English champion, and as soon as he appeared on the field of combat his adversary put spurs to his horse and fled, leaving the Earl master of the field.

King John asked the earl what his reward should be. "Titles and land I want not," he replied, "but in remembrance of this day I beg the boon, for myself and my successors, to remain covered in the presence of your Majesty and all other Sovereigns of this realm." This request was granted and never revoked, and it is said to account for the custom in Parliament of members wearing their hats.

What was a Spontoon?

A spontoon, a weapon similar to the halbert, was borne instead of a half pike by officers of British infantry till the year 1786. Pointed backwards or forwards it gave the signal for advance or retreat, and planted upright in the ground it commanded a halt. Specimens can be seen in the Tower armoury.

In the MORNING CHRONICLE of April 15th, 1786, there is a reference to its discontinuance: "Yesterday the officers who mounted guard for St. James's, the Queen's House, and Tilt Yard were paraded with their swords drawn instead of the spontoon for the first time since the alteration took place, and we hear that the amendment (if it may be so called) is to take place among all the regiments belonging to His Majesty."

In an old play Major Sturgeon says: "Oh! could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?" "No," answers Sir Jacob, "but we could get you a shove-pike."

Where do Men Fish for Snakes?

Hunters have adopted an ingenious method of capturing rattlesnakes, whose oil is believed to be a cure for deafness, and consequently commands a big price.

On warm days they go about carrying a long fishing rod and line and armed with a sharp scythe. When one of the reptiles is discovered it is gently prodded with the rod. Like any other sleeper suddenly aroused, the snake wakes up in a bad temper, and makes a dart at the nearest object which seems irritating—in this case at the fish-hook, which dangles near its head at the end of the line. In an instant the man also strikes, and the barb at once penetrates the serpent's jaw.

The man with the rod holds his captive at a safe distance, while his comrade rapidly moves up, and with the scythe severs its head from the body, which is at once thrust into a bag, and the hunters go on to find another victim.

Have there been Human Horns?

In the Anatomical Museum of the Edinburgh University four horns are preserved which had grown upon human heads.

One of these is about seven inches long, as thick as the little finger, and crooked in shape. A label attached to it bears this inscription: "This horn was cut by Arthur Temple, chirurgeon, out of the head of Elizabeth Low, being three inches above the right ear, before witnesses, the 14th of May, 1671. It was a-growing seven yeares. Her age is fifty yeares." The three other human horns also graced the heads of ladies.

In Sir Robert Sibbald's "History of Fife," a curious book published about the beginning of the eighteenth century, we read: "A person of quality, a lady of great age in this shire, had a horn growing out of her toe and put her from walking. It was cut off by Dr. H., and she was freed of pain, and walked."

Who was the Great Mogul?

The greatest of the Mogul emperors of India was Akbar, born October 14th, 1542. He began to reign when he was but twelve years old, and over three provinces only, but he extended his empire over nearly the whole of India. His wisdom and justice earned for him the title "Guardian of Mankind." His Court at Agra was magnificent.

Akbar's real name was Jelal-ed-Deen, but when he reached the height of his power he became known by the shorter name, which means *very great*, or *greatest*, and, in English he was called the Great Mogul. He is said to have kept five thousand elephants, twelve thousand choice horses, and a thousand hunting-leopards. Akbar died in 1605, was buried in a magnificent mausoleum near Agra, and was succeeded by his son.

Is White Light Sun-light?

What is white light? Such was the question raised by Captain Abney in the course of his second lecture on "Colour" at the Royal Institution. That it is not sunlight he showed by producing what he called an artificial sunset. Electric light allowed to pass through a clear solution of hyposulphate of soda and a disc that gave a circular spot, gave rise to an appearance suggestive of the sky on May mid-day at the sea level—hues of yellow, accompanied with high luminosity. Hydrochloric acid having been poured into the solution, causing the steady and continually increasing formation of fine particles, the yellow gradually deepened, and, passing through orange, changed to red, ending with that deep red which can be seen in sunsets at this time of the year. The natural sunlight varied, he said, in the same way.

Do Birds Help One Another?

During heavy tropical rains a remarkable instance of bird kindness was observed, and told to the SPECTATOR by the Vicar of Durban, Natal. Two ducks were carried on the flood down the Umgeni river, which flows through the town gardens, and became entangled in the barbed wire and netting which crosses from bank to bank.

With much flapping of wings one managed to extricate itself, but the other was on the point of drowning when a large male ostrich stalked out of the bush, waded into the stream, and, lifting the distressed duck bodily out of the water, carried it ashore by one wing. The smaller bird was uninjured, but the kindly ostrich was severely torn on its thigh muscles by the barbed wire. The well-known antipathy of the ostrich to stormy weather makes this special effort at such a moment most remarkable.

Why are Shoes Thrown After a Bride?

Shoemaking was a distinct trade as far back as 1600 B.C., and reference is made in Scripture to different symbolical usages in connection with sandals or shoes.

The delivery of a shoe was used as a testimony in transferring a possession. A man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbour, and this was "a testimony in Israel."

The throwing of a shoe on property was a symbol of new ownership, as "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

From these ancient practices came the old custom in England and Scotland of throwing an old shoe after a bride on her departure to a new home, to signify that the parents gave up all control over their daughter. In Turkey it is the bridegroom who is pelted by the wedding guests with slippers.

"AND why don't you like her, Mabel?"

"Because she talks so much scandal. I was dying to tell her about Mrs. Jones' goings-on, and about the awful way Mr. Jenkins treats his wife, but she never gave me a chance to get a word in."

MADGE: "I never see her wearing that medal she received last summer for saving three persons from drowning."

Marjorie: "Why, you little goose, that girl has a championship golf medal to wear now."

INCREASING THE STOCK.

SOME years ago a husband and wife ran a freak show in a certain provincial town. Unfortunately they quarrelled, and the exhibits were equally divided between them.

The wife decided to continue business as an exhibitor at the old address, but the husband went on tour. After some years' wandering, the prodigal returned, and a reconciliation took place, as the result of which they became business partners once more.

A few mornings afterwards the people of the neighbourhood were sent into fits of laughter on reading the following notice in the papers: "By the return of my husband, my stock of freaks has been permanently increased."

MR. GOODENOUGH: "I have so much trouble with the pronunciation of my name. It is properly pronounced Good-no, you know."

She (shyly): "Yes, but it's Good-enough for me."

"HAVE you seen Jackson lately?"

"No."

"He's a sight. Face all cut, arm in a sling, and walks lame."

"How did he do it—on his bicycle?"

"No; if he could have stayed on the bicycle he'd have been all right."

THE SECRETARY GOT HIS RISE.

"LOOK here," said the capitalist to his secretary, "this wretched copper mine is costing me far too much money. If you can look about and make a saving somewhere I'll raise your salary five pounds a month."

"But suppose such saving was less than five pounds a month?" asked the young man artlessly.

"Well, I've tried to calculate it out myself, and I cannot see where I can save a ha'penny. If you can, you are worth the extra five pounds."

The young man overhauled the accounts, but he failed to find a single expense that could be cut down.

Finally it occurred to him that he was drawing sixteen pounds a month for acting as secretary of the mining company.

"You can save fifty shillings a month, sir," he informed his employer next day. "I have taken that amount off the salary of your secretary."

The capitalist paid up like a Briton, and the secretary was two pounds ten a month richer.

GIRLS WHO ARE EASILY WON.

An Article for Husband Hunters.

By A HUNTED ONE.

IT seems to me that some girls are too easily won nowadays. But that word "won" is hardly correct; it is no question of being won, for a large number of girls are rather inclined to deliberately throw themselves at young men's heads.

Are you not inclined to look with a trifle of suspicion on the article that is offered for nothing—for the taking, in fact? You naturally are, and that is just how young men feel towards girls who show by their actions and speech that they are ready and willing to be sweethearts to them; of course, with the ultimate object of bearing a closer relationship at a future time.

A young fellow does not like the girl who runs to him if he but holds up a finger, and who is always ready to do exactly as he desires, for it proves one of two things—either that the girl is in desperation to get a lover, or that she is a weak-minded female, without a spark of individuality. In either case she is not desirable from a male point of view.

There is one fact about the too easily won girl which most young men are aware of—namely, that if she is easily won by one young man she will be just as easily won from him by another—that is to say, if the latter is more expert in the gentle art of soft-sawdering.

The true sportsman likes to have a bit of a hunt for his game; he does not want his quarry to stand still and allow itself to be captured without a struggle. Similarly a young man does not care for the girl who comes too easily to his hand; he likes a girl to be a trifle difficult to win; he has all the greater satisfaction if, in the end, he manages to capture her affections.

The too easily-won girl, again, is too free and easy with males; she is under the impression that she gratifies them if she indulges in slangy terms and phrases. No girl ever made a greater error; in fact, men hate to hear nasty slang terms emerging from the lips they might have liked to kiss, and the girl sinks rapidly in their estimation.

Of course, a girl, on the other hand, must not be too cold and reserved; there is a correct length which a girl may go, but let her step over the limit by ever so little and the men will have none of her. Here is a great mistake some girls make. A young fellow is parting from a young lady, whom he would, perhaps, like to make his sweetheart, say, on a Monday evening. He asks if he may be allowed to see her on the following Friday night. A girl, in these circumstances, should acquiesce if it suits her; but there are girls who will not hesitate to blurt out:

"That's awfully far off, isn't it? Couldn't you see me on Wednesday night?"

In all probability the young man is quite agreeable, but after he leaves her he is apt to ponder over the matter, and perhaps he may arrive at the conclusion that she is terribly eager to be in his company, and naturally that makes a girl look very cheap.

A bit of good advice to all young women is this: Never show a young man that you are straining yourself to be as much as possible in his company, and endeavouring always to keep on his soft side.

Now, I am quite prepared for the argument being brought forward that the easily-won girl has generally a crowd of young men dancing attendance on her, in one way or another. I am perfectly well aware of the fact, but I also know that these young men like a little sport and amusement; they like to be in the company of such a girl because she is so free and easy and because there is no prudery about her. But what of that? Remember, they would not think of marrying her; they know that matrimony with such as she for a partner would be a poor condition indeed.

No, they lark with her; they enjoy her speech and actions on account of their lack of conventionality, but there the matter ends, and when they are tired of playing with her she is left to brood, perhaps when too late, over her own folly.

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Would I were Wed, Fair Maid.

Reasons for Wishing to be Married. By a Bachelor.

WHEN I landed down this morning I went into my little room and breakfasted in lonely state; went to business; returned weary; dined in solitary bitterness, and went to the club dissatisfied with things in general.

What a selfish, uninteresting life is a bachelor's life. What a difference between my life and my old chum Walter's life.

I went down home with Walter last night. It is this which has caused me to think of my wretched state more than ever.

A couple of years ago we were inseparable. Then he met Madge, and somehow we drifted apart. Our aims and pleasures were no longer the same. I laughed him to scorn over the change in his views regarding matrimony. He ignored my sneers, and has been married a year and a half now.

What happens when he reaches home? There is a pretty little wife waiting for him, who rushes out the moment she hears the well-known footsteps, who throws her arms around his neck and lovingly salutes him, who chases away all weariness by her bright chatter and merry pranks, who infuses fresh life and energy.

Going by birthdays, Walter is three years older than I; really he is ten years younger.

He lives in a little house with a little garden in front and a big one behind. He has a little income, not one-tenth of mine, and a little servant, and he is Jack-of-all-trades about the house.

His huge delight when he has the chance to lay the carpets is a sight to make philosophers grow envious. Then what extraordinary contrivances that couple make out of old boxes, enamel, and sundry pieces of cloth. What fun they have over fixing up shelves and re-arranging articles of a more or less ornamental character.

Time is never dull with Walter. Madge would like this, or Madge would like that. He always has some thought prompted by Madge to keep him bright and happy.

She is a brilliant little woman, and has his work at her finger-tips. As a result she is able to give him much assistance in his business, assistance unobtainable elsewhere. Her keen wits do much to guide and to inspire him in the work he has to do. They do much to keep him straight and true.

He has something to work for, something to strive for. Work is no longer a dreary task. It is a means to an end, and the end is to bring Madge happiness.

He always knows he has a jolly companion in his joys; he can console himself with the knowledge that he will never lack a sympathetic comforter in his sorrows.

Then what a social advantage a wife is! Walter has made much progress since he had a wife to entertain those in whose graces it was good for him to stand. For an ambitious man a wife who can entertain well is an indispensable necessity.

Then there is yet something else, which gives Walter a joy I envy. There is something which makes his eyes sparkle, and clears the cobwebs off his brain. Something which cannot speak, yet which is not inarticulate. There is a little one, a joy-breeder; but this subject is too holy for a mere bachelor to deal with.

I feel the weight of those two deeply descriptive words—mere bachelor. What an aimless, useless, hopeless life he leads! There is absolutely nothing to look forward to; nothing to live for beyond the present.

In the future he can hope for none to mourn him. He must fight his own battles unaided. He has no true body to back him up.

He has no confidential person in whom to confide, hence he can obtain no true sympathy. He cannot lay bare his heart's inmost secrets.

Then the petty discomforts of a bachelor's life. He has nobody to cut his nails for him, nobody to sew on his buttons, nobody to hunt for his collar-stud, nobody to cut and to butter his bread.

Everything about him seems to grow to be untidy and dirty. He lacks somebody to take a pride in his personal appearance, an intelligent pride in his manners. He naturally becomes slovenly and utterly unreliable.

I feel this is the fate which is overcoming me. What does it matter how I dress or look? Nobody cares, think I.

So I go to the club, and smoke, and drink, play billiards, and talk scandal. Not that I really care for any of these things, but one must kill time somehow. I know I am becoming frightfully lazy, and that my mind is becoming narrow and unreceptive from the sheer weariness and dulness of a lonely, unloved bachelor life.

Will I go further on this road? No! Certainly not. I will stiffen my back and make an effort while I'm able. To-morrow I will hunt up some attractive maiden and pay court to her, but I'll be quartered if I'll remain single any longer. So now.

Should Monday be Pay Day?

How I Cured Myself of Saturday Extravagance.

SOME months ago I made a strange request to my employer.

"Sir," I said to him in tremulous tones, "would it be convenient if, instead of drawing my pay on Saturday, as hitherto, I drew it on Monday?"

He looked at me as though I were some strange visitant from another planet, but, being a busy man of few words, said nothing but:

"All right. Tell the cashier. I suppose you know best."

For years past I have been the victim of week-end extravagance. Saturday has been the bane of my moral life.

Directly I drew my pay at noon on Saturday I became a changed man. I walked at least an inch higher, and my tone of voice became, if not actually ducal, at any rate lordly. I strutted about and patronised people.

My mid-day meal was taken, not at the usual tea-shop, but, if you please, at the Moniderion in the West-end. For the rest of the day I lived at exactly four times my normal income.

It was not that I was exactly "doing the grand." It was simply that high-life, as it were, is natural to my temperament. Saturday was the only day I realised my inner self, for the previous five days of toil and shame were a mere unpleasant make-believe, in which I lived in a state of self-stultification.

What was the result? That on arriving home late on Saturday night, after the usual theatre and meetings with convivial friends, I found that I had just enough for my rent, with a few shillings over.

The next week had to pay for Saturday's license. I had to endure the privations of the milk biscuit and glass of water for five days as a penalty for one day at the "Moni."

I often had to walk to the office and from it to make up for Saturday's cab rides, and I had to go without tobacco to pay for Saturday's cigars.

The bane of Saturday hung over me the whole week, and for one day's dalliance with dandyism I had to suffer five days' pinch of poverty.

But Saturday came round again. Did I take warning by the five preceding days of misery? Not I. The more miserable they had been the jollier I determined to be on Saturday to make up for them.

And then, after years of this sort of thing, I had the courage to ask my employer to pay me on Monday. See what happened. At the beginning of the week the cashier came up to me alone with my packet of wealth and handed it to me with a jocular remark—he is a cheery soul.

I took it—the money and the joke—in good part, and gazed satirically at my fellow clerks. I knew, and they knew, that my hour of happiness was theirs of remorse, for they, too, were Saturday spendthrifts.

I carefully divided up my dole into units. There was my landlady's just due in one little pile. Five other piles represented my food and fare allowance for the five days to follow, and there was another little pile—a larger one—which represented my Saturday's pleasure allowance.

The old tendency to "blue" my pay on receiving it simply went into space. Nobody but a lunatic would go out and throw money away on Monday, and I did not do it. Instead, I was able to take a proper meal at a boiled-beef house each day, to ride home like a gentleman, and smoke as I read an evening paper.

And in the evening I could take a glass of gingerade, if so inclined, with the best of them.

And when Saturday came round I no longer tried to "realise myself" on the old plan, for I had done that all the week round.

And then Monday came again. I divided up my salary as before, and continued to live like a sober, respectable citizen for the week to come.

To crown all, I found that in the middle of the week people used to want to borrow money from me. But on this I was obdurate. "Take your pay on Monday, too," I said sternly, "and you will be even as I am."

If everybody were paid on Monday the world would be a better place. We would see less intoxication in the streets on Saturday night, and people would, instead, be taking such rational pleasures as tram-rides and walks through inexpensive museums instead of halves of bitter and drops of Scotch.

Workmen, instead of beating their wives on Saturday night, would be reading Carlisle to them as they sunk into gentle slumber. Sunday would be a day of proper rest, not of aching heads; and Monday, instead of the day of humbleness, contrition, and dull, depressing work, would be the day of revenue, on which each man would be a sort of chancellor of his own exchequer, allotting his income in a statesmanlike way to anticipate the ensuing week.

I think it will be obvious to everybody that Monday is the rightful pay-day, and I shall be very glad to hear of its general adoption by the employers of the Empire.

You Really Require a Rest.

By a Famous Physician.

THAT we tire of seeing the same objects day after day is a generally admitted fact; and although we have reached the age of maturity, like the children we once were, we put aside things which a while since charmed us by their novelty.

What is it, then, that causes the routine of life thus to grow insipid? We must discover this, and ascertain exactly the origin of the demand for "change," or we shall not be in a position to meet the want, with any probability of beneficial results.

At first glance, it would appear as though the desire originated with our daily occupation; that whatever its nature, mental or physical, a necessity arises for periodically leaving it alone. If this be so, what is the reason?

People talk of "the necessity for rest," as though every fragment of mental and physical power were gone; yet to watch them when they have obtained the desired change leads to the conclusion that their powers were not seriously weakened, much less entirely spent.

There may be temporary failure brought about by sheer monotony, but it is *not failure through exhaustion*. The centres of force, from which strength and energy are derived, frequently become lethargic from lack of stimulus, but this is a very different thing from absolute exhaustion.

Sensations of weariness simply indicate a degree of failure at the source to supply the energy requisite for accomplishment of the task. The electric motor has not been run to the extent of damage to its machinery—it has not been *over*-worked—but the battery has ceased to give out the necessary motive force for want of re-stimulation.

Let us suppose that a man has recently taken up some fresh occupation, and that he is engaged in work entirely new to him. The mere novelty of his position rouses all his latent powers, and his friends remark upon the keen interest he displays.

His new surroundings supply just that element of excitement which stimulates the centres of energy, and calls forth fresh supplies of force.

The way in which a "change" operates then, is not so much in affording temporary exemption from labour as by supplying fresh stimulants to the lethargic centres of energy.

It is important that this point should be quite clear, because it directs attention at once to the way in which the "change" must be employed, if it is to prove really beneficent.

This point being clear, the question arises:—What kind of stimulating influences are most likely to rouse the dormant powers, and call the force-generating centres into full action?

If the change is to be of lasting benefit, it must be such as secures stimulating influences in a form adapted to each person's constitutional peculiarities. The new spurs must be of a nature that will continue to excite and bring forth fresh energy.

Under certain restrictions a man is a law unto himself with regard to his recreation. His mental and physical needs must decide what is best suited to his natural or acquired tastes.

The perpetual excitement witnessed at many seaside resorts is not the sort of stimulant likely to prove a lasting benefit to the mind or body of a busy worker.

One has often seen a family on holiday in such places indulging in splendour out of all proportion to their circumstances, with the inevitable result that home life is rendered more than ever dull and lifeless on the return.

The change that best suits the average person is one that stirs up his energies naturally and honestly, and in accordance with his ordinary mode of life. The energy thus elicited will add to the stock of useful force, and will be available when the holiday has passed. And unless some such effect is produced it has failed of its purposes—viz., the brightening of life, and the improvement of mental and physical health.

There are persons who appear to live on novelty; who are for ever flitting from place to place in search of "a change." This is a very unhealthy sign, and sooner or later leads to nervous exhaustion.

The person who must have frequent change is not one whit better off than another who lives on spirituous stimulants. He may break down at any moment.

A change for the sake of change alone will not bring any permanent advantage; but, on the other hand, it will work mischief, because the life's energy will cease to flow except in response to its customary stimulant.

Are you going for a sea trip this summer? Then read the article "Square Meals for Sea-sickness" in the current number of SMITH'S WEEKLY. One Penny.

Picked Pars.

A few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Uninhabited Parish.

The population of the parish of Lullington (Sussex) only numbers sixteen, but a short time ago there was nobody living within the boundaries owing to a farm in the parish changing hands.

A Wealthy Policeman.

The richest policeman in New York, Constable John O'Leary, who is said to have £250,000 invested in houses and land, was married recently to a school teacher. Three thousand guests were present, and 500 attended the marriage feast.

Street-Car Watering Carts.

In Milan they water the streets from the electric tram-cars. On these watering-cars reservoirs have been adapted to the platforms, and these reservoirs are emptied as the car runs by means of perforated tubes placed fan-shape at the front and back of the car.

Good Pennyworth.

The cheapest railway journey in Britain, if not in the world, is the one on the Edinburgh to North Leith line—a distance of three and a half miles. There are eight stations on the route, and the fare, from the first or any intermediate station to the last, is one penny.

Record Walk.

William Buckler, aged fifty-six, a native of Newport, has just concluded a remarkable pedestrian performance at Hunslet, Leeds, walking 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours. He started at the stroke of every hour, and walked two miles, resting the few minutes that remained till the next hour, when he resumed his task.

Slates.

Roofing slates possess only feminine titles. Their names include "ladies," "countesses," "princesses," and "queens." Each denotes a special size.

Oldest Post-office.

The oldest post-office in Great Britain is to be seen in the little Cheshire village of Motham. The building dates back to the sixteenth century, and has the figures 1594 over the doorway.

Truly Dilapidated.

The only door of a small cottage at Ponder's End, Middlesex, having become too rotten to use, the occupant of the cottage has had to nail it up, and uses the window for entry and exit.

New Use For Church.

The electric power-house of the Great Western Railway at Cardiff was formerly the parish church of All Saints'. The only exterior alteration is that a chimney-shaft has taken the place of the spire.

Freak Letter.

Upon clearing the letter-box of a Gloucester post-office recently it was discovered that a letter had been written upon one side of a collar. It being properly stamped, the missive reached its destination.

Tabbies.

Tabby cats are so called from the resemblance of their markings to a kind of watered silk called tabby, after the name of the quarter of Bagdad where it was originally made, which in turn was derived from one Prince Attab.

Theatre for Thousands.

California now has an open-air theatre which seats 8,000 persons, and provides standing accommodation for another 12,000. It is used for the production of high-class drama and opera.

Long-distance Telephone.

When the long-distance wire now being laid between Denver, Omaha, and Kansas City has been completed, there will be direct telephone communication between New York and San Francisco. These two cities are nearly 4,000 miles apart.

Sparrow's Strange Injury.

A lady who was cycling near Bexhill felt something strike her head, and found that a sparrow, in its flight across the road, had impaled itself on her hat-pin, which was protruding about two inches. The bird died from its injury.

Courageous Chicken.

Beside the nest on which a buff Orpington hen belonging to Mr. J. Whitefield, of Newport, was sitting a large dead rat was found. The hen, in defence of its eggs, had pecked out one of the rodent's eyes, and attacked it until it died.

Enterprising Woman.

Miss Francis Fitz, who left Boston five years ago and went to Alaska, has returned with £100,000, the greater part of which she made from a gold claim. She has been United States deputy recorder, newspaper owner, lunatic attendant, land staker, and mine owner, and she is now head of a mining company.

Illustrated Pars.

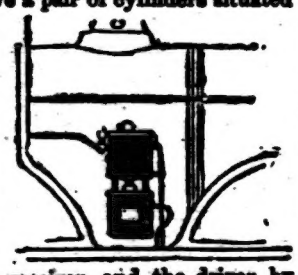
Gold-plated pencil-cases given to readers. See footline.

WHEN A TRAIN WANTS GAS.

When a train which requires gas for supplying light to passengers comes to a standstill at a railway station the guard fixes an iron rod to the end carriage. Into this he then places a red flag. The train is filled with gas by means of the cylinders underneath the carriages. On seeing the flag all the company's servants on the station know that the train is being filled and while this necessary operation is proceeding no passengers are allowed inside the carriages.

AN IMPORTANT PUMP.

Most travellers have at one time or another noticed on the side of a locomotive a pair of cylinders situated as in the illustration. It may not be generally known, however, that this insignificant looking arrangement is of extreme importance, as it is the pump which compresses the air for working the Westinghouse brake. The upper cylinder is the one which causes the movement and pumps air into the lower, thence into the receiver, and the driver, by operating a handle, can check the whole train and bring it to a speedy standstill.

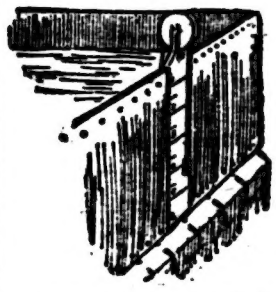


THE LIFE-SAVING "BUTTERFLY."

An appliance which has been instrumental in saving a great number of lives in collieries is here shown. It is known as the "Butterfly." There are two iron arms extending over the mouth of the pit, near the hauling pulleys, meeting within a few inches, sufficient room being allowed to permit of the wire hauling rope passing through. When the cage, containing men or coals, is pulled up the pit shaft, and is inadvertently pulled too high so as to be in danger of being drawn over the pulley, the link attaching the chains of the cage to the rope, opens the two arms of the "Butterfly" (see Fig. 2) which immediately fall back into position, but between the chains as shown in Fig. 3. When the rope end reaches the pulley, a pin in the rope is automatically knocked out, releasing the cage and allowing it to fall back. It then hangs suspended by the arms of the "Butterfly" instead of falling back down the pit shaft. This device is especially valuable in cases of "overwinding," as in such cases the hauling rope is liable to snap and, were it not for the "Butterfly," the cage would be precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, and its unfortunate occupants be killed.

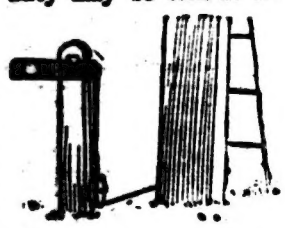
INDICATING THE WATER'S DEPTH.

In many of the water reservoirs for the use of railway engines there may be seen floating on the water a small buoy. Attached to this is a chain which goes over a pulley fixed to the top of the reservoir. At the other end of the chain there is a small black indicator which moves up and down a scale that is fastened to the side of the tank. On the water being replenished or used up, the float rises and falls, and so the indicator is raised or lowered. The scale is graduated, so one has only to look at the indicator to tell how many feet of water there are.



WHEN THE FOG FIEND COMES.

Small signals like this are specially for use in foggy weather on railway lines. They may be seen at the foot of important signals and also by the signal-posts on the main lines of most railways. When the fog, the dread scourge of all locomotion, envelops everything and the ordinary signal is invisible to the man who attends to the fog signals, he feels for the miniature one, which is worked by the same method as its big companion, and he is able to tell its position.



What Clever People are Saying.

Bright Paragraphs by Bright People.

WHAT FAMOUS WOMEN ARE SAYING.

The average motorist is fat and blessed with an admirable appetite.—*Lady Violet Greville.*

The American may look bad, or hard, or horrid—he seldom looks hopeless.—*Miss Jane H. Findlater.*

Women are equivocal because they have been much bothered by not getting their own way.—*Mrs. Garrett Anderson.*

Hysteria, which used to be the *bête noire* of every collection of girls, is now practically unknown.—*Mrs. Ormiston Chant.*

Though we are not comfortable in the presence of artists, we do our best to domesticate them.—*Miss Virginia Stephen.*

The precocious child and the emancipated daughter are both unknown quantities in the Turkish family.—*Miss M. MacGregor.*

Weakness, softness, timidity are harem virtues; but women nowadays must live and work in the world.—*Mrs. Fenwick Miller.*

A woman has a right to every privilege and duty belonging to human beings, to be limited only by the measure of her own capacity and inclination.—*Miss Fyvie Mayo.*

Children need looking after. That is seen in their plays, for when undirected the little things can think of no games except playing at funerals, of taking to prison, and of father coming home drunk.—*Miss Gregory.*

WHAT ECCLESIASTICS ARE SAYING.

It is very hard to dissociate the word "cheap" from the word "nasty."—*Bishop of Manchester.*

When I see people standing and not singing, I always know they are chapel folks. Come along, now, you chapel folks!—*General Booth.*

I have lived in towns where I would have been thankful if I could have buried nine-tenths of the bells whose clanging noise made them a nuisance.—*Bishop of Carlisle.*

It is impossible for a clergyman to put his whole heart into his work if he is always accompanied by the harassing fact that the education of his children, perhaps even their necessaries of life, are almost beyond his means.—*Archdeacon of Lancaster.*

WHAT AUTHORS ARE SAYING.

Petticoat influence and alcohol play a leading part in Russian policy and administration.—*Mr. Arnold White.*

To my mind, the dress of the "high-waist period" . . . is by far the most artistic costume ever designed to be worn by graceful women.—*Mr. Harry Furniss.*

The house which nature has built is better, simpler, and more inexhaustible than any house and city of our building.—*Mr. Julian Hawthorne.*

Some scholars and professional experts in antiques know a great deal about "the antique," but of art have no natural intuition.—*Mr. Andrew Lang.*

WHAT PEOPLE IN GENERAL ARE SAYING.

To start a newspaper is like building a bridge: you have to put a great deal under water.—*His Honour Judge Edge.*

It must be confessed that, in our community, men and women of a high order of ability are ridiculously rare.—*Prof. J. A. Thomson.*

Policemen should not be too zealous nor yet harsh, and, whenever there is the slightest doubt in a matter, by all means the public should have the benefit of it.—*Chief Constable of Manchester.*

From the fall of the Temple, Jews have never given up their position as a separate people, nor their hope of again becoming nationalised in their own land once more.—*Hon. Sec. English Zionists.*

Some evil-minded persons pretend that if there were no physicians there would be no invalids, and if there were no diplomats there would be no conflicts between nations.—*The French Ambassador.*

Average acting now is much higher, and the endeavour to portray life as we know it is much more sincere. Actors, too, are drawn from far more cultivated classes than twenty-five years ago.—*Mr. Forbes Robertson.*

While the trade unions of this country have done a great many good things, I feel it is a great grievance that they have not taken steps to improve the actual quality of the work turned out by the members.—*Secretary for War.*

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

I WRITE A POEM

Mr. P. Doubleyou Tries to Beat Shakespeare at His Own Game.

As Usual, He finds True Genius is Sneered at.

"Do you know anything about metre?" inquired the Editor.

"I've been studying one lately," I said; "the companies like to put in wet meters if they can, but a dry meter——"

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Gas meters," I answered innocently.

"Gas meters!" snapped the Editor sarcastically. "No! no! I mean metre in poetry. Could you write a poem?"

"I should think so," I returned with the easy air of confidence that it is well to affect when talking to an Editor.

"Then do it," was the retort; "something light and piquant, gentle as a zephyr, but instinct with life and motion, and five inches."

And that's how I came to bud out as a poet. But I will narrate my experiences

"Well begun is half done," I reasoned as I seized a pen and made a start.

I suppose I ought to have planned the thing out a bit first; but a poet I once knew (he's in Camberwell workhouse now), who was a bit of a dab at the game, told me that plan is unnecessary, as some kind of inspiration generally comes to a poet's aid.

RUMMAGING AROUND FOR RHYMES.

I'm not going to describe the difficulties I had at the start in getting rhymes. The novice usually gets hung up with a word like "Cupid," or "ostrich," or something equally choice, to which it is hard to find a suitable match, but after a few attempts I began to get wary, and to use a sportsman's instinct.

I reasoned the thing out calmly. A verse should be like a suspension bridge. You must get something solid at the start, and ditto at the finish, and then fix as long a string of words between them as is necessary to bridge the abyss.

After this it was easy. I could commence a poem called, say, "Lines to Little Mary":

Oh, gentle maid——

and write the finish:

. . . thy soft blue eyes.

These were the uprights, so to speak. Somewhere in the verbal chain that was to be woven between the two I had to fix a word that would rhyme with eyes, just like you tie a handkerchief in the middle of the rope that is to be used for a tug-of-war.

As soon as I had settled on this plan I found verse-making quite an easy recreation. I began to enjoy the sport. I started in earnest about 7.30 in the evening, and was still at it at nine.

RECOGNISING A BROTHER BARD.

At ten o'clock I was getting excited, at eleven I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass, and was startled to see that my left eye had quite a "wild, rolling" appearance.

Midnight found me clasping the bust of Shakespeare to my throbbing breast, while I dashed off a little lyric on "A Moonset Mid the Mountains."

At one I was deep in a dithyrambic episode on "Lacks of the Loveless Life."

I gave over at two. A choice little gem I was going to call "The Hurtling Barbs of Fate" excited me so much that I accidentally smashed my inkpot.

I couldn't sleep that night. I pictured my triumph on the morrow. In my fancy I could see myself standing in the Editorial sanctum, reading my little lot of gems. I could see the Editor, his face contorted with blind, unreasoning jealousy, gloomily frowning upon me. I could imagine him overcome at last, flinging himself into my arms, and welcoming me as a second Shakespeare.

But it worked out differently somehow.

To begin, he wouldn't let me read my soulful poems to him.

"I'll run my eye through them while I'm at lunch," he said carelessly; "just knock off a twenty-two-inch love story."

A FORGETFUL EDITOR.

He called me down after lunch. I sought his office with a beating heart. He was bending over the proofs with a two-foot rule in his hand.

"Make that love story twenty-seven inches," he said.

"How about the poems?" I asked anxiously.

"Forgot all about them," he returned. "I'll let you know later."

He did. Our Editor is a man who fancies he has a gift of satire, and likes to air it.

"Say, Doubleyou," he began, "what does this mean?"

Dear, fairest Ethelinda, come to glad me daily,
I yearn for thee. My heart around thy deep affections
seems to intertwine.
Truly thou twitterest gaily.
Would thou wert mine..

"Who is Ethelinda? Some young woman you are fond of?"

"Say, rather," I replied, "the embodiment of a lofty——"

"Ah! quite so. A kind of Mrs. Harris. Well, I'm rather glad of it. But don't you think that second line is a bit spread out?"

"I hadn't noticed it," I replied, with the nearest approach to icy indignation it is safe to assume in talking to an Editor.

"Well, it is; it couldn't have got much longer if you'd passed it through a mangle! Besides, it's absurd. It doesn't make sense. A heart is a solid piece of anatomy, and is no good whatever for intertwining purposes. A self-respecting lady would scorn a man with a heart like a boot-lace or a yard of tape."

"'Intertwine,'" I explained, "rhymes with 'mine.'"

"So do 'shrine,' and 'twine,' and 'swine,'" sneered the Editor. "But that's not all. Why should she come to you daily? Why not give her an occasional rest for a week or two? Then, again, why does she 'twitter'? I wouldn't like young women I was interested in to twitter. It shows a bad bringing-up."

I tried to say something, but he snatched up the next poem and read a verse. It was "A Moonset Mid the Mountains," and my proudest effort:

Great, gentle globe, thou blinkest and art gone.
Where goest as thou disappearest hence?
I see thy last fair streak, the choicest one,
Beyond the barbed wire fence.

"What have you to say about that?" I inquired sternly.

"It makes the moon too much like the morning rasher," he replied; "'Last fair streak, the choicest one,' distinctly suggests bacon. I don't want to be hard on you, Doubleyou, but I do think the thing is a bit mixed. I'd have left out the reference to 'barbed wire'; it isn't poetical, and seems out of place. Then, again, for a poet to accuse the moon of blinking, is like the pot calling the kettle black. As for your asking where the moon is going, it's absurd. That's a question for the Royal Astronomical Society, not the moon. The R.A.S. could mark out the moon's course to an inch for months to come."

DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF THEM

"Have you read the other poems?" I inquired.

"I have."

"What do you think of them?"

"Not much. The fact is I don't like your metaphors; they seem too dazzling. Let me instance one. You speak of 'The gatling-guns of Mars.' If you're thinking of the god, it's not good mythology; if you mean the planet, it's not exact science.

"Then in your ode on 'Wireless Telegrams' you refer to 'swift-winged messengers.' That's all wrong. Marconi's telegrams are not only wireless, but wingless."

"If you read poetry in that carping spirit," I replied, "it is useless to attempt——"

"Then your adjectives don't seem to fit," the Editor went on remorselessly. "'Swan-necked Cupid' may be all right, but I don't seem to like it somehow. 'Lugubrious laughs of love' is alliterative, but it isn't sense. 'The gangrened wound of Cupid's dart' has a hospital touch that makes one shudder, and as for the 'Communings with Shakespeare's spirit,' an ordinary table-rapping medium would be ashamed——"

But I waited for no more. I saw that good poetry was lost upon such a man. I didn't stop to tell the Editor what I thought of him, but I went upstairs and wrote it in fourteen Spenserian stanzas and two Greek odes.

SAME AS ADVERTISED.

"You know Weightman, the big, stout clerk at our place?"

"Yes; he must weigh over fifteen stone."

"Well, he saw an advertisement in the paper, 'Fat folks reduced—one guinea,' and answered it."

"Did he hear from them?"

"Oh, yes; it was just as advertised."

"That's good. How much has he been reduced?"

"Why, one guinea."

WIFIE: "What is a parvenu?"

HUBLET: "That's what the man who got rich ten years ago calls the man who got rich yesterday."

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

A CYCLIST was careering along the street one evening, the only light which disclosed his presence being that of the public lamps on the sides of the roadway.

"Where's your light, young man?" asked a police constable as he laid a hand upon the machine.

"Oh, it's blown out!" replied the cyclist unconcernedly.

"Indeed?" remarked the officer. "You must have been in a terrible gale, for your lamp's blown away too!"

THE BRIDEGROOM (at the first stopping-place): "It's no use, Clara; we can't hide it from people that we are bride and groom."

The Bride: "What makes you think so, George, dear?"

The Bridegroom (dejectedly): "Why, here the waiter has brought us rice pudding."

THE COMING OF ESPERANTO.

About the Language which may One Day be the Common Speech of the Universe.

AT Boulogne just recently there was held a congress of Esperantists, whose members were representative of over twenty different countries, and whose languages in every case differed one from the other.

Yet with the aid of the new tongue—Esperanto—they were able to converse together with comparatively little difficulty. It is the greatest triumph Esperanto has yet achieved.

Esperanto was first given to the world by Dr. L. Zamenhof, a native of Bielstock, in Russia, on the borders of Poland and Prussia, in the year 1887. From the first it was adopted with surprising rapidity all over the world.

This is due to many features, not the least of which is that every word, common alike to the languages of the principal nations, has been absorbed with only the slight alterations necessary to obtain uniform and phonetic spelling.

These, together with the two thousand root words of the language, which also have been selected almost entirely according to their degree of internationality, are said to be amply sufficient, owing to the use of appropriate prefixes and suffixes, to express every shade of thought or action.

The Roman alphabet is used, the pronunciation being phonetic throughout—that is, one letter, one sound. The vowels are reduced to five, all difficult consonantal sounds are eliminated, and the important words in a sentence have been so constructed that they can be detected at a glance.

Thus, all singular nouns end in "o," all adjectives in "a," all derived adverbs in "e," and all plurals in "j." All verbs are regular; there is only one conjugation; there is not a solitary exception to any rule; and in pronunciation the accent always comes on the last syllable but one.

Being so easy to acquire, it is not astonishing to learn that Esperanto has gained thousands of adherents in all countries. It is not three years since it gained a footing in Great Britain, but now many thousands of persons can speak and read it readily, two monthly periodicals are published in the tongue, and the British Esperanto Association has been organised for propagating the language.

In France it has been taken up with remarkable energy. Practically twice as many persons can converse in it as in this country.

Indeed, the Esperanto grammar has been translated into more than twenty languages and dialects. At least sixteen monthly journals are edited wholly or in part in Esperanto, while trade circulars and advertisements are printed in it. It already has, too, a considerable literature of its own.

It has been frequently stated that Dr. Zamenhof, its founder, is hopeful of Esperanto being the sole speech of the universe in years to come, that the English, French, German, and other tongues shall be wiped away and their places filled by the universal language of Esperanto. Such is not the case. For many reasons the idea is impossible.

Esperantism, in its founder's own words, is a movement for promoting throughout the world the use of a neutral language which, while not intruding itself into the internal life of the peoples and in no way aiming at the supplanting of existing languages, will give to persons of dissimilar nations the power of becoming mutually understood, and which would serve for the publication of works which have an equal interest for all peoples.

Of course, an international language which can be easily acquired and understood by all peoples is eminently desirable, and many attempts have been made to remedy the disaster of Babel.

Some two hundred years ago Bishop Wilkins, of Chester, put forward a suggestion for a universal language. Liebnitz, a little later, formed another plan.

And, to come to our own times, the "volapük" of Dr. Schlerger was one of the most complete and careful of universal languages ever invented. True, it was a mere jargon of English, French, and German words, transformed, lopped, and otherwise disguised, but it ran quite smoothly for about eight years, when it died beyond all resurrection.

Since "volapük" there have been many other plans, but it has remained for Esperanto to penetrate into the countries of Europe and America and to win adherents by thousands.

To anyone having dealings with foreigners Esperanto is well worth serious study.

SHE: "Some people profit by mistakes of others."

HE: "Yes, like the minister who got a guinea for marrying us!"

JUNIOR PARTNER: "I see you have engaged a new traveller. Is he a good salesman?"

Senior Partner: "Good salesman? Great Scott! I had to send for the police to prevent him from talking me into taking him into partnership."

I suppose you are reading "The Secrets of Success" now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY. If you are at all ambitious, you can't afford to miss this series. It means money in your pocket, and the esteem of your fellow-men to you.

My Notebook.

"They Say," the Cruellest Words You can use.

SOME people, if they have an item of gossip to relate, do it on the "They say" system. The "They say" habit is a bad one. "They say" very often covers a lie, more frequently slander, and always cowardice. If you have got the "They say" habit try to get out of it. If it comes your way draw attention to the unpraiseworthiness of it. If you cannot repeat an item of actual fact on your own responsibility, or a word of gossip on your own authority, let it severely alone.

Too many people use these little words "They say." They do it to hide their own ignorance, and in doing so try stealthily to put the blame of what may be untrue on to the shoulders of others—others who cannot be identified. La Rochefoucauld, in his Maxims, said: "Beware of 'they say,'" or, rather, he put it in French: "Mefiez vous des 'on dit.'"

John Wesley is the greatest of victims I can think of to the "They say" habit. John Wesley was one of the best men that ever lived. He led almost a blameless life. But in the work he did he had to go to strange places and come into contact with doubtful people. "They say" went to Mrs. Wesley, and "They say" preyed upon her mind. She became unreasonably jealous and suspicious. For a time she would not let her husband go beyond her sight. She travelled with him throughout his itinerant wanderings, and raged if he looked at, or went near, another woman. She emptied his pockets and opened his letters to see if "They say" had spoken truly. "They say" had not spoken truly. "They say" seldom does. And after she had knocked him about and torn his hair in her jealous, unnecessary, and unworthy frenzy, she left him and ended his twenty years of bitterness.

Mr. Gladstone, too, was a victim to this form of lying and cowardice. I could tell the story of it if I cared to. But John Morley hints on this subject in his "Life of Gladstone," and proves that "They say" lies.

This phrase is the most slanderous one on earth. If anybody comes to you and says "They say," ask who is "They." Pin him down to that fact first, and try all you can to discourage the habit in a general way.

Should a Husband Read his Newspaper at Breakfast?

A WIFE asks me this, and I say "No," unless under certain conditions. Man as a rule dresses quicker than a woman. He can, therefore, be at the breakfast table first. If he hasn't got up late, as he often does, and if he hasn't got himself into a temper, as he sometimes does, because the morning meal isn't waiting for him, he has time to glance at his paper, take in the headlines and get a general idea of the day's news. But once his wife appears at table and the breakfast is ready, his duty is to his breakfast and his wife. I think, perhaps, his breakfast is the more important of the two. Anyhow, I put it first with that in mind. If he can't be friends with his breakfast he is going to be unsettled for the whole day. He owes that friendship to himself. He owes another friendship to his wife. She has her plans for the day to settle, and she wants to talk them over with him. She likes to consult him about what he wishes for dinner, and perhaps there are the morning letters to consider. It isn't fair to give the wife the burden of working out the comfort and the salvation of the pair of you. It's a partnership business, and breakfast and dinner should be board meetings.

Of course, should an important item of news appear in a paper such as, "Should a husband read his newspaper at breakfast?" that makes a difference. You want to, and should, read it at once. But two copies of the paper should be on the breakfast table. Your wife would want to read and discuss the matter with you.

How to Read a Newspaper.

EVERYONE has his or her own part of the daily newspaper to which they turn first, and a well-set-out newspaper, easy to handle and easy for the eye, and which keeps its departments habitually in the same place, deserves support.

The woman who has a great deal of housewifely pride together with a slender income reads the wants column with a never-fading hope that somewhere, somehow, somewhen she will find a thirty-pound cook to come to her for fifteen pounds. Then, there is the endless charm of the *matinée* notices and the bargains, the society column, and the latest scandal. The young man turns first to the sport, the stockbroker to the closing prices, the shipping merchant to the sailing list, the lawyer to the law reports, and so on.

For my own part, I seldom read the news of the day. I have found by long experience there is no necessity to do so. I run my eye across the top of the *Daily Express* front page in one second. If anything has happened, it is there set out in headlines. I read its first column, which is the index to the whole paper. That may take five minutes. For the rest I have three other morning papers on my breakfast-table and two more at the office. Each editor has set out important items of news under his own choice of headlines. These catch the eye and tell you the whole story of an incident without the necessity of reading it. What I do read, and what I read very attentively, are the special articles in all these papers—signed articles mostly on current topics, which a few years ago were treated heavily and uninteresting in the half-crown reviews.

Can You Write a Perfect Love Letter?

MR. NOTEBOOK is asked a great many things, some of which he dismisses airily and flippantly, and some with a weight of wisdom that surprises even himself. He has even found himself trying to act up to the good advice he gives others. But "Perplexed" perplexes him.

"Perplexed" wants to know how to write a perfect love letter to his girl. He says: "My *fiancée* having lately gone to live at a distance, I, of course, write to her regularly, and I am afraid that my letters cannot be at all pleasing to her. To myself they seem very insipid and commonplace, or if they should be sentimental, they seem to be absurd. Of course, my *fiancée* has never hinted that my letters are not what she would like, but still I feel that they cannot please her as much as I should like them to, or as much as hers please me."

I can see "Perplexed's" perplexity. I can see also the possibility of my own undoing. Because if I write him here what I consider to be a perfect love letter, what is to safeguard me against the humours and the calamities of the situation. What is to prevent the joyousness of my young men readers finding vent with a whoop and a yell of pure unalloyed delight as they cut out my specimen love letter from this page with my signature attached, and send it to half a million marriageable girls throughout the kingdom. A pretty figure I should cut with half a million breach of promise actions up against me. No, thank you.

But I will do this: I will offer a guinea for the best love letter sent to ISOBEL, of "Home Notes" page, by a young man, and a guinea for the best sent to Mr. NOTEBOOK by a young lady. All letters, marked Love Letters, should be received not later than Tuesday, August 29th, and will the young ladies who write to me please remember that I do not want cold, hard, formal proposals of marriage. I want to know that they still continue to love me and to what extent.

What has Become of the Chickens of my Boyhood?

I HAVE been staying in the country, and I have come home tired of it. I had dreams before I went. I came back to town to get something to eat. There used, once upon a time, to be yellow-legged chickens in the world, with fine, large, well-developed breasts, and sturdy, thick thighs, that made good meat, and permitted themselves to be carved as if they willingly offered themselves to be sacrificed to the delicate internal organisation of the "seedy" and the "run down." There was no idea of sacrifice in the killing of them, nor was one chicken made to serve a dozen boarders.

What has become of those chickens of my boyhood? When we get anything so rare as a chicken in the country at all, nowadays, it is one of those poor little orphans fresh from the incubator, with so little meat on their poor little appealing bones that they make one feel like a cannibal in the eating of them.

For a fortnight I stayed at a farmhouse, and I don't want to look a chicken in the face again for a twelvemonth. Not once did I get a piece of the breast, or the wish-bone, or even the parson's nose. I lived on legs. We had chicken three times a week—we boarders. Sometimes our landlady asked me what I liked. I lied, in my modesty, and said I did not care, so I got a leg. To me every chicken was all legs, and incubated legs at that; once I saw a piece of the breast of a chicken on my plate, but it was in a hash, and I skipped it.

Being a poor working journalist with rent and taxes to pay, I seldom indulge in hotel life. I patronise the boarding house, at so much per week inclusive, when circumstances allow me to take a short holiday. And when chicken appears at table I shudder, because I know the lady on my left or my right will say, as she picks the bone clean, "After all, there is nothing like a chicken wing, is there?" and I say, "No, indeed," and I look at my leg and know I have blundered into the truth.

The Child with a Sweet Tooth.

A MOTHER writes to me about her children's fondness for sweets. She has heard that sweets are not good for children. She is right. As a rule, they are not. If children are to have sweets at all, they should have the purest and softest chocolates. Too many sweets are bad for the teeth and bad for the digestion. They create an abnormal thirst. Cure your children of the "sweet tooth" by giving them pure honey fresh from the hive, or properly extracted from the comb. Make this a regular feature of their diet. Sweets, lumps of sugar, powdered sugar spread on bread-and-butter, sweet cakes, and too much jam are all bad. Pure honey is good. It imparts warmth and energy, it is fattening and sustaining, and furnishes the same elements of nutrition as starch and sugar. Honey, too, is a valuable medicine. It is excellent in most lung and throat troubles, and may often be used in place of cod-liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can use it with good results.

What is Gravy?

I HAVE been asked, "What is gravy? Isn't it a sauce?" and was inclined to laugh at the humour of the question, and then I thought a moment, and found this question was one of national, human, and dietetic interest. We must not dismiss gravy as a subject for humour. Gravy is a serious matter to us. It is not a sauce. Talleyrand, of course, said it was. But he only did that to make his epigram the neater. He said England was a country with seventy-seven religions and only one sauce. Had he said gravy his joke would have been spoiled. He meant that the Englishman always eats his meat plain with the exception of its own juice or gravy. The Englishman is very wise in doing that.

Gravy, in fact, is the juice that flows when meat is placed in a proper and skilful relation to the fire, and as the juices of the muscular tissues of meat do not flow so quickly as the fat of meat melts, gravy is apt to be largely melted fat. But this is not sauce, and the Frenchman likes many sauces, and calls many juices and concoctions by that term.

How Much Does your Gladstone Bag Cost You?

HAVE you men ever stopped to realise how much a Gladstone bag costs you in the course of a year—the tax it is? Say that it is fairly well packed and a little too heavy to be comfortable in the carrying. You give a porter 2d. to carry it from your house to the station or the tram. You reach town, and it is a shilling cab fare to your office. You leave with your bag at the end of the day's work, and it is another shilling cab fare to some other station. You give the porter 4d. when he takes it and reserves a seat for you whilst you get a ticket. Arriving at the seaside or wherever you are going, you must pay another 1s. either for the hotel 'bus or the cab. That is 3s. 6d. in one day—7s. to get your bag back home again. Say you take ten journeys in a year of fifty-two weeks, and you have paid out £3 10s. This is a good deal of money. It is the interest you would get out of £125 worth of Consols.

I MUST really ask my readers not to expect me to read long manuscripts; we keep a special department here for that purpose, and everything sent in is carefully read. You get no better treatment by sending direct to me. If in sending a story or article you want a criticism passed upon it, that will be cheerfully given. But I do not want to be made personally responsible for the custody of MSS.

PETER KEARY (*Mr. Notebook*).

Every Grocer Must See

this week's "Smith's Weekly," which contains many articles specially written for those connected with the grocery trade. Here are the titles of some of them:

HOW I MADE MY BUSINESS.
By SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A GROCER.
By a Grocer who has made his fortune.

GROCERS' SHOPS WITH BAD COLDS.
And many other ailments businesses suffer from.

HOW TO START A SMALL SHOP.
Hints to the Grocer starting in life.

£5 IN PRIZES OFFERED TO GROCERS ONLY.

SMITH'S WEEKLY, NOW READY. Price 1d.

Every grocer should buy this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. It contains articles of special interest to all grocers, and splendid cash prizes are offered to grocers only.

AFTER THREE YEARS.

By Albert E. Bull.

AFTER three years' absence Walter Beckett went to spend a few years at Bondbridge. He had arranged by post to stay at his old lodgings, which were still kept by sedate old Mrs. Twine.

He hardly knew why he had returned. But there, after one has spent four or five years in a place, however sad the circumstance that is associated with one's leaving it, there is sure to come a time when one wants to see it once more.

"I wonder if Elsie Thompson is married yet," he muttered to himself as he stepped out of the train. "I hope I sha'n't meet her."

And then it all came back to him. He remembered how he had written and offered his heart and his hand to her. He remembered the end of the letter: "If you will not accept my offer, don't tell me, don't write me, as I could not bear to hear this from you. I will understand your silence and go away."

He had waited a week for a reply, and no letter had come, and then he had packed up his things and left Bondbridge for three years.

Mrs. Twine greeted him warmly, and assured him of how delighted she was to see him back.

"And it reminds me," she said in the conclusion of one of her bursts of eloquence, "that you left some things behind which I meant to have sent on. But what with one thing and another I clean forgot them."

"Things! What things?"

"Oh, your old pair of boots, sir, a tennis bat, and a coat."

Walter laughed.

"Pretty ancient lot, I fancy."

"Yes, sir! But there were some papers in the pocket of the coat—mind, I only discovered that yesterday. But I'll bring it."

She brought the coat, and the papers were turned out. There was a dinner menu, a receipt for 7s. 6d., an insurance circular, and a letter.

A letter! He looked at it, and the colour left his cheeks. It was his letter to Elsie. He tore it open to make sure, and he knew the terrible truth. He had been accusing her all these years of having played with him, of being the heartless flirt, and—and she had never even received his proposal.

"What's the matter, Mr. Beckett? Are you ill?" inquired the landlady.

"No, no, Mrs. Twine," he replied, "I'm all right, thanks." Then changing the subject with an effort: "How are they all here? What's the latest news?"

"News, Mr. Beckett. There's little news about. Oh! yes, I forgot. We had a fine wedding here to-day. Miss Thompson was married this morning."

Walter Beckett grasped the table for support.

"Miss Thompson!" he said—"not of Raycourt Hall?"

"Yes, sir. And they do say she made a lovely bride. She married Major Parsfield, the same that bought Finden Lodge last——"

But Walter didn't hear her. The good old soul rambled on with her information, but it fell on unlistening ears.

It was already evening, but he had dined on the train, so declined Mrs. Twine's suggestion of a meal. He put on his hat and went out.

Oh, how wretched he felt! Perhaps after all she would have had him. How miserable those three years had been! But it was too late for regrets now—she was married.

Then one by one he went over all the incidents of that eventful week which had preceded his proposal.

He remembered how he tried to screw his courage up again and again, but every time had failed, and there came that last evening, a time never to be forgotten, when he had *almost* spoken.

There was a walk they often took, an accustomed seat where they occasionally sat awhile. They sat there on that evening, he remembered. He had looked into her eyes and read, as he thought, her very soul.

His hopes had been at the highest then, but somehow his courage had ebbed away. Whatever happened, he could never bear to hear a refusal from her lips.

It was this feeling that had made him go back and write the letter that he thought he had sent.

Alas! all this was three years ago!

Somehow he took the old walk. He had gone that way with Elsie many times, and he naturally took it on this first evening of his return. He would sit in the old seat where once he sat with her and nearly told his love.

But the seat was occupied. He drew nearer, and started back in surprise. It was Elsie, and she recognised him.

She rose from the seat, and with a strange look in her face put out her hand to greet him.

"Walter," she said.

"Elsie," he answered in a puzzled way, taking the hand she offered. "I thought you were married to-day?"

"No! no! I——" she stopped.

There was something in her manner that he could not understand. Then he made a discovery. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"But this marriage," he persisted awkwardly. "I thought——"

"It was my sister who was married. Don't you remember Alice? She was home part of the time you were here. She was very young then, but she's nearly twenty now."

"Your sister Alice!"

He stared at her in amazement. So it was Alice who had married the major—Alice, to whom he had never given a thought, whose very existence had been forgotten.

He stammered out something, he hardly knew what. Elsie answered him. Whether her words made good sense or no, neither he nor she knew or cared. They were full of meaning to him.

In a few moments he had learned the truth. She was free. She had waited for him, had hungered for his love.

Then the cloud seemed to lift from his mind. Quite how it happened he hardly knew, but somehow what followed seemed so natural and easy. He told her all, and there was just a moment's awkward pause. Then, somehow, they seemed to understand, and lips met lips as his arms incircled her lovely form.

"And to think," she said, "that my sister's happy marriage should have made me come out here to dream about you. Walter, why did you dare to think of writing me then? You could have told me that evening three years ago. I knew it all as we sat here, and I did so want you to speak."

WOOL: "Dr. Emdee is an expert expert."

Van Pelt: "What is that?"

Wool: "Shows that the expert on the other side is talking through his hat."

SITTING UPON A YOUNG MAN.

"I DON'T altogether like this young man Millikin who comes to see you so often. I hear that he is only a poor clerk," was what the head of the family said to his daughter one day at the dinner table.

"He is a very nice young man," replied the daughter. "Besides, he is something more than a 'poor clerk.' He gets a large salary, and is manager of one of the shops in the city, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man, "but he strikes me as a very flippant, impertinent young person, and in my opinion he should be sat upon."

"Well, I have invited him to take tea with us this evening," said the daughter, "and I hope you will treat him politely, at least. You will find him a very different person from what you suppose him to be."

"Oh! I'll treat him politely enough," he said.

That evening Mr. Millikin appeared at tea, and made a most favourable impression upon the old gentleman.

"He is a clever young fellow, after all," he thought. "I have done him an injustice."

It was just here that Bobby spoke out. Bobby was a well-meaning little boy, but too talkative.

"Papa," he ventured, "you know what you said to-day at dinner about Mr. Millikin, that he was an impertinent young man, and ought to be sat upon——?"

"Silence, sir!" shouted the father, swallowing a mouthful of hot tea.

But the little fellow wouldn't silence.

"It's all right," he continued confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard out of doors, "he has been sat upon. Sister sat down on him last night for two hours."

After that the tea went on more quietly, owing to Bobby's sudden and very jerky departure.

WHERE THEY ARE SINGING PEARSON'S 6d. MUSIC.

FROM end to end of the country, in holiday centres and seaside resorts, PEARSON'S 6d. MUSIC is now being nightly called for and encored. The following list, a few out of many, where these songs have commanded public favour may be of use to those who like to hear good music well sung:

Mr. and Mrs. Payne's "White Coons" at Broughty Ferry, N.B.
Ballard Brown's Entertainers at Weymouth.
"The Dagonets" at Jersey.
Ballard Brown's Bohemians, touring Scotland.
The "Evening Stars" at the Alexandra Palace.
Louis Mercy's Pierrot Party at Bray.
Walker's Entertainers at Newcastle.
Summerson's Pier Party at Bangor.
Miss Nellie Dyson's "Jolly Mascots" at Cleethorpes.
Howard Stephen's Premier Pierrots at Halifax.
H. G. Riley's Entertainers at Leicester.
The Northern Opera Co. at Yorkshire seaside places.
Miss Daphne de Rohan at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

SHOULD GIRLS MARRY WITHOUT THE PARENTS' CONSENT?

Three Views of the Question.

THE YOUNG MAN'S VIEW.

CERTAINLY! if she wishes to. The idea of a girl letting her parents interfere with her life's happiness is absurd in the extreme. It is, of course, only fair that she should give her parents as much consideration as possible. She should, especially if her attachment is not really a deep one, consult them, and weigh every point that they may raise against her choice.

But if after all this has been done there is a hopeless disagreement, then it must be for the girl to decide and the parents to hold their peace.

After all there is a great deal too much sentiment in the position that the average father takes in these matters. It is considered good etiquette for a young man to ask his prospective father-in-law for permission to become engaged. It seems to me that it should be sufficient for a young man to "inform" him instead of asking his leave.

Then as for the questions which the girl's father generally puts as to the young man's prospects and position. They are the height of impertinence, and any one of spirit would treat them as such.

If Mr. Robbins likes to marry Miss Bobbins, he is going to clothe her, feed her, and generally provide for her. He is really acting the philanthropist to old Mr. Bobbins in taking a big responsibility off his hands. Why should he be insulted by the man whom he is so materially assisting?

Of course, all this is written presuming the girl is of age and average intelligence, and without a fortune. Parents with wealthy, juvenile, or imbecile daughters have a right to interfere.

THE FATHER'S VIEW.

CERTAINLY NOT!

Look upon the question as one of simple honesty. We are a commercial people, and there is a commercial side to the matter.

I am in a middle-class position with four daughters. From first to last each one has cost me a sum varying from 10s. to 20s. per week. This totals in each case to, say, £820.

Hence I may say "my daughter represents a capital outlay of £800." For a young man to calmly come and walk off with her without my leave is no more honest than if he were to forge my name on a cheque, or to break open my safe to steal my cash.

The contention that he is going to provide for her and clothe her is altogether beside the mark. The thief who steals your property is no less a thief because he guarantees he will look after it so well that you shall never see it again.

You may talk about sentiment ruling a girl's parents. There may be truth in it, but the sentiment that has meant an outlay of hundreds of pounds has a good financial basis.

Then, again, when a man is old enough to have grown-up daughters he has usually more experience of life than a mere child of twenty-one could possibly have. Naturally he desires his daughter's happiness, and in all probability he will only object to an alliance which his mature judgment tells him would not be for her good.

THE GIRL'S VIEW.

IT seems a silly question to discuss, as most girls have got sense enough to talk their parents round to her view of things.

But should the question rise, a girl has surely the right to settle the matter finally herself. Our parents, who fell in love themselves years ago, are apt to forget what love is and how it affects us who are younger.

Then, again, if the money side of things is to be considered. One may be very grateful for all that one's parents have done; but however much a father may have spent on his daughter he has no right to rob her of a future home and a future protector, unless he is in a position to leave her independent for the rest of her life.

A man may look around and pick his wife. He can propose to any one he likes; but a girl must wait till she is asked. Now, when you have the two important points settled—first, that you feel you love Tom very, very much, and, second, that Tom has asked you to marry him, everything else seems so small.

You may meet hundreds more young men, but you know you may never meet another like Tom. But supposing you do, the second Tom may not propose, and what would be the good of all your filial obedience then?

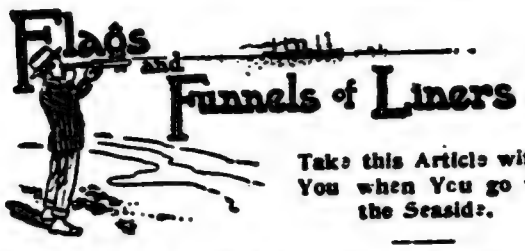
No, there is only one who can decide, and that is the girl herself, though, of course, a little opposition will show her whether her love be real or not.

"I MAY be poor now," said the grey-haired man, "but I was wealthy once."

"Yes?" said the visitor, sympathetically.

"Yes. I was wealthy once," the grey-haired man repeated. "I have seven receipted plumber's bills in that pigeon hole above my desk."

"How I Made My Business," by Sir Thomas Lipton; "Grocers' Shops with Bad Colds," "How to Start a Small Shop," and "How to Succeed as a Grocer," are a few of the articles in this week's splendid Grocer Number of SMITH'S WEEKLY



Take this Article with You when You go to the Seaside.

You will then be Able to Recognise all the Principal Lines of Steamers.

A Good Telescope will be an Education to you.

It is an interesting recreation with many people to look far out to sea and endeavour to discover to what line belong the vessels they see passing. But there are few who can describe offhand the various flags and funnels and signals of, say, a Cunarder, a White Star, or an Orient liner.

Whenever you see a vessel with a red funnel having a black top and black rings beneath, accompanied by a red flag figured with a yellow lion holding a globe in its front paws, you will know at once that it is a Cunarder on its way to New York from Liverpool or *vice versâ*. At night-time you will recognise the same vessel by its signal of two Roman candles, each of which throw out six balls, and a blue light at the masthead.

A White Star liner *en route* for Australia can be detected at a glance because of its buff-coloured funnel with a black top. It carries a red burgee with a white five-pointed star, while its night signal is two green lights flashed simultaneously. When off Queenstown Harbour and a few other places, the vessels of this fleet exhibit a green light followed quickly by a rocket throwing two green stars, another green light flashing out immediately afterwards.

The funnels of the Allan line steamships which travel between Liverpool and Montreal are of red with black tops and white bands immediately beneath them. Their flags are of red, white, and blue, overtopped by a pennant of red, blue, and red. Three blue lights in a triangle half way up the rigging is their night signal.

Black funnels, too, are a characteristic of the Peninsular and Oriental Line. Its flags are coloured white, red, blue, and yellow, and are divided diagonally into quarters. When carrying mails, three things have to be done to constitute the night signal. The steam whistle has to be well blown, two lights have to be burned which change simultaneously from blue into red, and green, red, and white lights have to be shown from the mizzen peak.

The Hamburg American line of vessels exhibit on their voyages to New York, Yokohama, or Australia, buff funnels on their express steamers and black on their intermediate, but the flag is the same on all vessels. It is a square divided diagonally, each alternate quarter being blue and white, together with an anchor and shield bearing the company's initials. Its night signal consists of burning a blue light forward and aft simultaneously with a red light on the bridge.

A vessel carrying a blue light fore and aft and a red light amidships can instantly be recognized at night time as one of the American liners. It also has a black smoke-stack with two white bands near the top, and carries a white flag figured with a blue eagle. The American liners you will remember travel between Southampton and New York.

The magnificent steamers of the Orient Line, as they journey between London, Plymouth, and Australasia, can be detected at a glance by their black funnels and their white flags bearing a blue cross and crown. The letters O. S. N. Co. are also in the corners in red. A Roman candle throwing two red, two white, and two blue balls in succession is their signal.

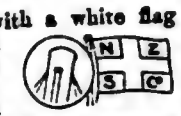
The funnels of the North German Lloyd steamships are a yellow colour, the flags being white with a design in blue of crossed keys and anchor under a wreath. Their night signals are similarly easily recognised. They consist of two lights burned simultaneously, each of which changes from blue to red.

And you will also recognise at a glance the British and African Steam Navigation Company's vessels, on their way from Liverpool to the West African ports and the Canaries, by their black smoke-stacks and their blue burgees with white crosses.

Red, with black tops, are the smoke-stacks of the steamships of the Union-Castle Line, which travel between Southampton, Cape Town, and East Africa. The flags are in blue with red diagonal crosses superimposed on crosses of white. When you see a vessel burning a blue light on the bridge, followed immediately by a Roman candle throwing five blue balls into the sky, you will know at once that it is one of the Union-Castle Line.

The flag of the Wilson liners which travel between Hull and New York or Boston is easily recognisable. It is merely a white burgee with a red ball. The funnel is of red with black tops, while the night signal consists of a red light forward and aft, and another red light on the bridge turning to green, such lights being arranged in the form of a triangle.

A yellow smoke-stack, together with a white flag having a red St. George's cross, and the letters N. Z. S. Co. are the distinguishing features of the steamships belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Co. At night-time it is easy to recognise their vessels by their signal of one green light forward and one Roman candle which throws three green and three purple balls.



The Houlder liners carry on their journey between Liverpool and the River Plate a red flag with a white Maltese cross, which is also represented on their red funnels. The night signal is a red light changing to white at fore and aft, and a Roman candle discharging six white balls in succession from the bridge.

On their way to Bombay or New York from Glasgow the Anchor liners will be recognised by their entirely black funnels and their white flags with red anchors. The night signal consists of a red and a white light exhibited alternately from some conspicuous part of the ship.

Mudge: "What an aggravating habit Wickwire has of answering a question by asking another."

Yabsley: "I never noticed it."

Mudge: "Now, for instance, last night I asked him if he would lend me a sovereign. He didn't say whether he could or not, but asked me if I took him for an idiot."

A BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Tommy: "What did yer get on yer birthday?"

Jerry: "Nothin'; never got anything since the first one, an' then I only got born."

This funny little jokelet was published the other day by a comic paper, and no doubt the conversation between the two urchins caused many readers to smile, chuckle, or laugh, according to their sense of humour.

Yes, it undoubtedly tickled their risible faculties—that's all it was intended for, and—that was the end of it.

To us there seems a world of pathos and sadness in Jerry's reply.

Poor little chap!

How many are there among the readers of *P. W.* who do not look forward to their birthday with some degree of gladness. Some one, at the very least—sometimes a little crowd—has the date of your natal day stored in their memory, and when the great day arrives they spring on you their birthday gift.

It may be only a humble offering or it may be costly. You do not think of the intrinsic value. It is the kindly feeling which prompts the giver that pleases you, and you take it with a thrill of pleasure and gratification.

How many of the poor children celebrate their birthday? Most of these anniversaries so dear to the heart of the average youngster come and go unknown to the little inhabitants of slum-land.

Sometimes their parents are aware of the date—too many, alas! ignore it entirely—and the little mites go on, year in, year out, the same old grind, amid the hunger and wretchedness, poverty and gloom.

Cannot we give the little kiddies a birthday party once a year? One day in 365 is a modest request, isn't it?

Cannot we transfer a little bit of enjoyment to those who have none?

We have plenty of enjoyment ourselves: garden parties—birthday parties—Christmas parties—parties galore!

Stay! Celebrate your birthday with a birthday-gift to the Fresh Air Fund!

No matter whether it occurs in chilly February or broiling August, in foggy November or the merry month of May.

Never mind the date. That is only a detail. You know His Majesty King Edward celebrates his birthday months ahead! You can do the same!

Ninepence pays all the expenses of one child. £8 2s. is all that is required for a big birthday party of 200.

If you have the will we will show you the way!

49 ALREADY FOUND.

Sea Shell Sovereigns.

Mussel Shells Full of Gold to be Picked up on the Beach at Seaside Resorts.

We have obtained a number of very nice mussel shells. Inside each shell has been placed the equivalent of a golden sovereign or half a sovereign. The shells have then been carefully sealed up and distributed along the foreshore of the seaside towns mentioned below. The shells have been placed haphazard all along the beach—some exposed to the eye, others placed beneath a few stones, and others half buried in the sand.

When you go to one of these places you have merely to take a stroll along the beach and keep your eye open. In a few minutes you will probably come across one of the PEARSON'S WEEKLY Sea Shell Sovereigns. On the other hand, it may be some hours before you find one. There are, however, plenty of them, and we shall replenish the stock as often as they are found.

The following are the towns where the Sea Shell Sovereigns are at present to be found and the clues as to their whereabouts. Fresh clues have been added to those which appeared last week.

Sea Shell Sovereigns are placed in spots besides those to which clues are given below.

YARMOUTH.

Britannia in front, the finest entertainment in Yarmouth behind.

On sands in front of switchback.

Between Durham and Cobb.

CLACTON.

Within a few feet of Pierrots.

Under wooden steps.

Between the pier and jetty, many by wood, by rope, and by steps.

SOUTHEND.

A laughing nation, a stage door, and a happy valley.

To the right of pier near bathing.

MARGATE.

Oh, the marionettes! Look opposite.

The Nayland Rock Hotel, did you say? You want to stay there, but have no money? Search outside.

Did you ever bathe at Perkins' Stage. Try a dip, but keep your eyes open.

BRIGHTON.

A monument in a square faces a pier with the Kiosk and the Fancy Bazaar. Stand between the two. Take forty paces (more or less), find gold.

The White Coon Entertainers give some high-class shows near the Western Lawn. A diagonal line from their inclosure to the right, where the life-saving apparatus is kept, passes by a mussel shell. Search.

Between West Pier and Hove.

BLACKPOOL.

A piece of unfinished wall juts out into the sand. There is gold near, but don't turn your face from the sea.

Gipsy encampments are interesting. Two tents are near a hillock, which can be almost seen by the trains entering Ghool station.

A grassy rise between the town and Uncle Tom's Cabin commands a fine view. A stump of rough wood, some jagged nails. Take your bearings.

By the time this notice appears, Sea Shell Sovereigns will have been scattered about Southport, New Brighton, Lowestoft, Douglas (Isle-of-Man), and Ramsgate. Clues will be given next week.

The following is a further list of names and addresses of the finders of Sea Shell Sovereigns up to the time of going to Press:

CLACTON.

E. J. Coventry, c/o Mr. Williams, 15 Electric Parade, Pier Avenue, Clacton ... ... 10s.
W. F. Bowen, "Eamerdale," Vista Road, Clacton ... ... 10s.

SOUTHEND.

B. James, M.D.A. Schools, Darenth, near Dartford, Kent ... 20s.

YARMOUTH.

Master F. Curson, Malting Terrace, Great Ryburgh, near Fakenham, Norfolk ... ... 20s.
Miss E. Crosbie, St. George's Parsonage, The Park, Yarmouth 10s.
M. Symonds, 137 North Denis Road, Yarmouth ... ... 10s.
J. Pearce, 1 Chapel Square, Yarmouth ... ... 10s.

BRIGHTON.

T. A. Wilson, 17 Upper Gardner Street, Brighton... ... ... 20s.
A. E. Le Grice, 8 Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W. ... ... 20s.

BLACKPOOL.

S. Harrison, c/o Mrs. Fitton, 8 Coop Street, Chapel Street, Blackpool ... ... 10s.
P. Finegan, auctioneer, 49 Church Street, Blackpool ... ... 20s.

MARGATE.

T. Scott, 54 Frederick Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. ... 10s.
Miss M. Woodroffe, 12 Hatfield Road, Westbrook, Margate ... 10s.

The names of other towns will be published as soon as arrangements are made.

When sending the contents of your mussel shell, register your envelope.

A SWINDLER SOLD.

Swindler: "Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and pressing."

Lady of the House: "What suit?"

"Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called at the shop as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have it?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why, certainly."

"Look and act naturally?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject."

"I—I have made a mistake, perhaps!"

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. Good morning."

The swindler levanted.

Mumsie (admiring her new ring): "Isn't it a dear little thing?"

Jack (who bought it): "Indeed it is!"

"Are Business Holidays Honest?" is the subject of a splendid article in the current number of SMITH'S WEEKLY. Price One Penny.

START TO-DAY. LASTS 7 WEEKS ONLY.

WHITE BRIDALS.

By ELLIS CAMPBELL.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY BERRIS, nephew and heir of Sir William Markswell, during the course of his adventures in South Africa meets and eventually marries a beautiful adventuress.

They return to England after eighteen months' absence, but keep the marriage a strict secret. The match is not a happy one, as Geoffrey is really still deeply in love with his old love, Leila Merrion, and his wife, Alicia, makes no secret of the fact that she married him solely for his money.

Sir William Markswell dies, and the couple hear that his fortune, worth a half a million, has been left to Leila Merrion, Geoffrey's old lover, and that Geoffrey is cut off with the small income of £300 per annum.

The condition under which the money is left to Leila is that, in the event of her dying without marrying, the whole sum is to go to certain charities; but, if she marry, her husband may become her heir.

Geoffrey sees in this the purpose of his uncle, Sir William, to indirectly leave him his property and at the same time make sure that he and Leila shall become man and wife.

But, alas! the arrangement is impossible. There has been the meeting with the adventuress and the secret marriage.

One day as Geoffrey and his wife are engaged in some plain speech and bitter recriminations a letter is brought in. It is from Leila, who is dying. She wants to leave her fortune to her old lover—Geoffrey—and she suggests with death so near—there is no lack of modesty in her proposal—that he shall marry her.

Alicia reads the letter. Her quick brain at once sees a way of getting hold of the fortune.

No one knows of Geoffrey's marriage. What is to prevent his being wedded to the dying girl and becoming her heir?

After some demur Geoffrey hesitatingly agrees to the proposal. A telegram arrives that settles his decision:

"If you have received letter and can act upon it, there must be no delay. Start at once.—DALLOWAY, Physician. A. MORTHE, Solicitor."

Without further hesitation, he sets out to accomplish his wife's plan.

At the bedside of the dying girl Geoffrey finds that every other sentiment gives place to love. It is Leila's wish that they shall be married, and her wish is law to him.

The preliminaries are arranged, the special license procured, and the wedding takes place.

Soon after the false marriage has been performed, Dr. Dalloway suddenly overwhelms Geoffrey Berris with a startling piece of news.

Leila is recovering! She will live.

The news, so unexpected, is agony to the young man. He is really married to the adventuress, Alicia; he has had a mock marriage with the woman he really loves—Leila.

He decides to tell Leila the whole truth, but the doctor, reading something unpleasant in his face, forbids him to excite the patient, as to do such would cost her life.

At last, after lingering about for a while, he returns to his real wife, who has been getting somewhat impatient for his return. He tells her all that has occurred.

Alicia tells him how to meet the difficulty.

He must act the part. He must go back to Leila. His real wife will say nothing. She has her price. She speaks her mind clearly on this subject.

"I am your wife," said Alicia unpleasantly. "Don't make a mistake with me over again. I was ready to worship you once, and—pah!—you would have none of me. We're rather more equal now, I think. I'll be perfectly staunch—mine is the kind for it. But I have my price."

"Yes—I know."

"Do you? Are you quite sure?"

Their eyes met with a sudden fierce intensity.

She caught his arm with her delicate brown fingers loaded with bizarre rings. Her breath came hard through distended nostrils.

"Don't make a mistake about me again, Geoffrey," she repeated. "I want money—yes, and you'll have to give it to me, plenty of it; but *I* am the wife—I'm not selling that. I keep silence—yes, but"—she shook him lightly, her face near, her eyes blazing into his—"only just so long as I keep *you!*"

CHAPTER SEVEN. Eight Hundred on Account.

"JEALOUS."

Berris walked away from Bessemer Street, his mind a blank of horror. Complicity with his wife, indifferent to everything save money, and caring only to make that out of it was odious enough, beyond words odious enough; but complicity with jealousy, the animal, dog-in-the-manger jealousy of a woman of her type.

And he had not betrayed himself. If she did not read his motive, he had not given it.

She imagined Leila something deficient—a poor, half-dead, faded invalid—and she was jealous.

If she saw her!

Berris went on blindly, every now and again "seeing red" as he recalled Alicia's face, her heaving bosom, the scent of her clothes, her grip on his arm. He loathed her—and himself. Well, whatever he had meant to do, he would have to amend it now.

He began aimlessly to think of what he should do with himself. There was no sense in returning to Essex. Having begun as a coward, he must end as one. He must write to Dr. Dalloway and beg him to—to what?

"Her life depends on you," Dalloway had said.

Berris' pace grew slower; the hot and hateful remembrance of Alicia fell a thought away. "Her life depends on you." The remembrance of the touch of Leila's lips passed across him—a breath from another world.

"Cab, sir?" called a cheery voice.

Geoffrey looked up. He threw back his shoulders with a deep exhalation and set his lips anew.

"Yes; 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall—Morthe, solicitors."

Mr. Morthe, unconsciously relieved to see him, came himself from his private room to usher in his client.

"Everything still going well, I *hope*, Mr. Berris?" he said with outstretched hand and a beaming smile. "Your presence assures me of it. Well, now—to this little matter of business"—and the lawyer's bland tone gave the word its happiest augury.

Geoffrey flushed. "I came because you wished it; but is any discussion of business necessary? The estates are not mine."

Morthe looked at him. "The night before last your wife"—and, recalling the scene in that fair, wide chamber, the lawyer's voice fell very gently on the word—"signed a will, now in my possession, bequeathing to you all and everything. That document is, however—thank God—still invalid——"

Geoffrey made a sudden motion towards him and dropped his head upon his hands. Morthe was silent a while, sympathetically, slightly confirmed, however, in his morning's impressions.

"We hope it may very long continue so," he resumed at last; "meanwhile, some other arrangement must be made. Your wife intends, I believe, a deed of gift to you of the whole property——"

"Mr. Morthe, if you encourage anything of the sort, if you permit it——"

"Well, well, well—don't get me into trouble with Mrs. Berris," rejoined the lawyer humorously. "I oughtn't to have mentioned it. That can stand over; but do you know, Mr. Berris," he went on, "I find myself very much regretting that my elder brothers, and not myself, should have been the family advisers to Withinfriars those years of your boyhood that you spent there? Otherwise you might now be able to look upon me more in the light of a friend, and not so much as an outsider interfering with very private, almost sacred, matters."

He paused, and Geoffrey murmured something, his head still resting on his hand.

"I am, in *any* case, old enough to be your father, my dear Mr. Geoffrey. The Morthes have been advisers to your family for generations. We live near, and that has helped to a closer feeling. The sweet girl you have married is a most beautiful and inspiring creature, whom I would have served to my uttermost ability under any circumstances; but that she is married to you, who will keep the old stock here and establish the old blood, gives me, as I ventured to say this morning, the profoundest satisfaction."

Mr. Morthe spoke with genuine feeling. Berris lifted his hand in silent acknowledgment and sat upright, bracing himself.

"These remarks are prelude to the fact that I beg leave to speak to you on the subject of money, Mr. Geoffrey," pursued the solicitor, smiling. "In winding-up an old life and beginning a new there must be many things to settle. For the moment, till some arrangement is come to, will you allow me——?" He drew out his cheque-book and glanced at the clock. "A quarter to four. The bank is close by. If you will indorse this, Mr. Geoffrey." Berris understood. Morthe had got his address from Dalrymple; and Dalrymple, with the notion of doing him a good turn, had mentioned he was pressed for money, trying to raise it.

He put out his hand arrestingly. "One moment, Mr. Morthe. I don't think I can have this."

The lawyer looked up.

"The circumstances are so exceptional, my position so anomalous—I mean, I went through the marriage ceremony with Miss Merrion so absolutely without any thought of this in my mind—that it is distasteful to me. Surely you can understand, Mr. Morthe—it is distasteful, hateful, to me to turn my position to practical account like this so soon—in such mad haste.

Morthe considered him through his glasses, pen suspended over the unfilled cheque.

"The haste is mine, Mr. Geoffrey. Come, there need be no difficulties between you and me on these subjects. You are in want of money."

"I am. But I cannot take it from——"

"Your wife. A man's pride." Morthe glanced again at the clock. "Take it from me, then—till you come into your own. Frankly, it is your own, Mr. Berris; I am not afraid to say I think so." He filled in the cheque. "Payable to bearer," he said, smiling, and touched the hand-bell on his table.

"Notes," he said to the clerk who entered. "Look sharp!"

"This is very good of you," murmured Geoffrey painfully. "I——"

"My dear Mr. Geoffrey"—the lawyer leant back and faced him—"you uncle brought you up as his heir; he left really great wealth. It is ridiculous that under these circumstances, or under any circumstances, you should be put to it for a few hundred pounds. Miss Merrion—so to call her—never contemplated any such injustice. Many and many a talk has she had with me about it. The difficulty was to find you. We advertised—never saw anything of it, I suppose?"

"No," said Geoffrey; "I never thought of anyone advertising for me."

"I'm sure I don't know why," rejoined Morthe, twinkling at him through his glasses. "I should have imagined, to look at you, personal modesty would have been cured in you by now."

The colour rushed to Geoffrey's face. He rose abruptly.

"Ah, ha!" thought Morthe. "He is mixed up with a woman, then, is he? Well, money is the best solution of his problem—unless, by George! it happens to be an attachment. Then—well, it's not my affair."

But his face settled rather more gravely. A clerk entered with the little packet of notes, counted them over into his employer's hands, and retired.

"Now, Mr. Geoffrey," said the solicitor, "here is eight hundred pounds——"

"Too much——"

"Not for a man whose income, roundly speaking, is thirty thousand a year. It is very much too little, but, since you won't borrow from your wife, you must be content with my limits."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Geoffrey, and he meant it. His face cleared. He had come intending to get money, then the thing had glared at him too much like theft; yet he *must* have money. Morthe's words had made it possible again.

"I hold this as a personal matter between us," he added. "Will you take my I.O.U.?"

"Very well," laughed Morthe. He thought he understood. A bride is ill-asked to pay her groom's bachelor debts. The indirect is a much more soothing method. Moreover, even with half a dozen "affairs" attached to him, this young man was, in the solicitor's eyes, preferable to any possible other Leila Merrion might perchance have married. He was of the old blood, and would uphold tradition, the firm of Morthe and Morthe included.

"Any time I can be of service, Mr. Berris," he said, and allowed the slightest shade of meaning in his smile.

"You have been of immense service now, Mr. Morthe." Geoffrey drew a deep breath. "It's not easy to take money—very much less so when you need it—but you've made it possible."

"Tut, tut, tut!" laughed Morthe. "Do you think I don't expect to get it back?"

And the two shook hands with a mutual good feeling.

"Oh!—and the announcement to the papers," cried Morthe in the act of opening the door. "I think there should be no further delay."

Geoffrey hesitated. "No, I suppose not."

"I'll attend to it at once." Morthe moved back to the table. "Let me see, Mr. Geoffrey. Your full name—Geoffrey Beaumaris Seton Berris——"

"You've got it, it seems," said Geoffrey, his back to him. He gave a strained laugh.

"Yes—son of Captain Christian Berris and Rosalind his wife, only sister of the late Sir William Markswell, of Withinfriars, Essex, and Rosagel, Cornwall, to Leila." Geoffrey faced round, white, but steady.

"I think we'll leave the papers out of it, Mr. Morthe," he said.

"It's owing to your wife—to yourself," said Morthe, surprised, but thinking more than ever that he understood.

"I must chance that. I'll explain to—to my wife. No announcements in the papers yet, please, Mr. Morthe." Then, feeling he could bear no more, Geoffrey got away into the street.

Morthe would wonder at him. He would have to. He would come, no doubt, to the same conclusion Dalloway had done. He could not help that. The marriage must keep, at least, out of the papers—for Leila's sake in the future.

Are you going for a sea trip this summer? Then read the article "Square Meals for Sea-sickness" in the current number of SMITH'S WEEKLY. One Penny.

When she knew—of course she would have to know.

But what was it Alicia herself had suggested?

Would it be possible to make an absolute bargain with her to get her to *deny* her marriage—get her to name an actual price and keep her to it? With such a document against her she would scarcely have the whip hand in a disclosure.

"I'm losing my wits," he thought. "She is playing her own game, and her game is to do everything to keep me in her power."

Mechanically, not knowing what he meant by it, whether it was the beginning or the end, Berris turned into a District Office, did up notes to three hundred pounds' worth, and dispatched them by hand to Bessemer Street.

In the same way, mechanically, not knowing what was to come of it, he kept his eyes on the time, and was at Liverpool Street to take the train the groom had been ordered to meet.

So he was going back to Essex. Why?

He leant forward, and resting his chin in his palms, gazed through the window, and, as the houses fell away and the refreshing country opened out, Leila's face and form came back to him, enwrapping him, ensorbing him.

He knew all was going well with her, he could feel it in his veins. She was springing into life as the grass was springing yonder, as were the leaves breaking on the trees.

Geoffrey's eyes grew wet—it was a bit rough.

"For I love you, little girl," he murmured—she seemed to be out there in the growing, balmy fields—"I love you—and you'll never believe. What will you do when I tell you—I *can't* tell you. Is there a chance that you would forgive me, that you would understand?"

CHAPTER EIGHT. A Letter from Alicia.

"MY DEAR GEOFFREY,—I can understand that to see me every day is *not* convenient. I am nothing if not reasonable, but three *weeks* is a rather different matter. Something must be settled now one way or another. Will you come to me or *shall I come down to you?*—Your affectionate wife, ALICIA BERRIS."

"To sign herself *that* when writing to me here," mused Berris. The subtle insolence of the letter, the veiled threat of it made him grind his teeth. And yet there was a fierce satisfaction in every pettiness and malice that he could catch at to absolve him from this woman.

He had not seen her for three weeks, but he had sent her close on every penny of the eight hundred obtained from Morthe.

He judged, and rightly, that the spending of it alone had kept her quiet. Well, now he was at the end of the money and the end of his tether.

In a few days Leila would leave her room; a crisis was unavoidable. Death by seeming accident would be the best way out of it—emphatically the best way of it if he could drag Alicia into that seeming accident too.

A pair of soft hands came suddenly over Geoffrey's eyes. "Who is it?" said a voice behind him trembling with happy excitement.

"Leila!"

Geoffrey's blood ran cold. Alicia's letter—that was his first thought—he fumbled blindfold, found it beside his plate, and swept it to the floor.

"Doctor, he isn't a bit surprised."

"Leila!" He stumbled to his feet.

Yes, Leila herself, radiant as the April morning. Leila, on her own two feet, in a cloud of lace and ribbons—blushing—overcome.

"We meant it as a great surprise," said Dalloway behind her, "that is why you have been allowed only a peep these last few days. We have been rehearsing our effects."

"Oh, Doctor Dalloway," said the girl, looking tremulously from him to Geoffrey, "how can we ever thank you?"

"Mr. Berris, here is your wife," said Dalloway, a little hurriedly. "From now on I surrender my position. The case is in your hands."

He lifted Leila's little white fingers to his lips, turned, and left them.

The girl stood laughing, blushing, the prettiest picture in the world.

"You have finished breakfast," she said, looking round. "I meant to be in time to pour out your coffee—don't tell me you've had even a second cup."

There was a charming embarrassment about her; she did not look at Geoffrey; on his visit to her room, she had held up her face, she had nestled to him; now, there was a new consciousness about her; she moved to the head of the table, sat down, and smiled at him triumphantly—from a distance.

"You never expected this, Geoffrey."

"I can't believe it now."

"The coffee's cold—and I wanted you to discover that I remember you take no sugar and scarcely any milk, but Lettice would not let me go—she could not be-flounce and be-ribbon me enough—I thought you must hear us coming down the stairs—I left a perfect bodyguard outside—I stole in—you were so busy thinking——"

He stooped and picked up Alicia's letter; crushing it in his hand he came round slowly to her place.

"And you're really well?"

"Don't I look so?" She threw away all pretences, leant back, and smiled up at him.

"You look—it's a miracle, Leila——"

"Of——" the word "love" was on her lips, but it did not pass them. She trembled and her glance fell.

"Aren't you going to give me some coffee?"

"You've finished—to-morrow perhaps. What were you so busy thinking about?"

"The responsibilities of my position——"

She gave a low laugh of content. He took a step across the hearth and dropped Alicia's letter upon the blazing logs.

"Dr. Dalloway goes in a few days now," said Leila, half-turning. "What can I do to reward his devotion?"

But she was not thinking of Dr. Dalloway, or his devotion. She was playing with this first moment with the man she loved, the barrier of the sick-room for the first time down between them; and he—his side—was fencing with it.

It had come upon his unexpectedly. To yield to it——.

"Well, what are you going to do with me?" asked Leila roguishly with a shy glance. "I am only to stay half an hour. But next week——"

He was silent and she looked at him a little wistfully.

Berris saw it and caught his breath—let one cruelty suffice for all. If she loved him as he did her, what he had done would be easier to forgive if——

"Jeff," said the girl suddenly, "do you know there is a great deal more money than either of us dreamed of? Enough to make you great, enough to gratify any ambition you ever may have had."

"Why do you mention money to me now, Leila?"

She rose. She was very sensitive; a little of the sweet gaiety was gone from her manner. She had been in the room five minutes and Geoffrey had not kissed her.

"Dearest Jeff, the money *would* have been yours—it *is* yours now, every penny of it. You came when I called, you have married me, you are mine—that is all that I can manage with all there is of me, mind and soul and body."

"Leila, come here."

Under the window, open to the rainbow day, was a chintz-covered seat with cushions of faded rose-fragrant brocade. "Sit down," said Geoffrey. "Can you see the old 'Priory' wall?"

"Yes."

"I've stood and looked at it long every night from my window. You remember the lilac grove beyond?"

"Yes."

"Where, that day—you were sure then I cared about you."

He knelt beside her.

She laid her arms round his neck, her head upon his shoulder.

"Jeff," she murmured, "how else could I have sent for you?"

"Yes, you chanced it, didn't you? You didn't stop to think."

"Think what?"

"Anything. Neither did I—I came pell-mell. That's steadied me every night. I've said to myself, 'She knows I love her.'"

"What do you mean, Geoffrey? That I might imagine you came for the money?" She half-laughed, but his face was set.

"Never think *that*, Leila. So, turn to me. Darling, there are some moments men and women cannot forget, whatever happens they back to them; they remember, they will swear by them through"—he checked himself—"through anything, everything, good report, evil report—you've come back to life—do you care for me, Leila, do you care for me?"

"Oh, Jeff——" There is no laughter in passion; all the gaiety had left her face, her lips were parted, her eyes half-closed.

"And I care for you—can you guess what it is to me to hold you like this—to know—Leila, there may come moments when it will seem to you—I don't know—women doubt a man's love sometimes just because——"

He fell to silence, looking at her. It was in his heart, it was very near his tongue to tell her.

She was more beautiful than he had known. Her head sank a little over his arm, and the deep eyes met his with the ineffable gravity of passion.

"I love you," said Geoffrey, "remember." He bent his head slowly, and for the first time since his coming their lips met.

* * * * *

The sound of voices in the hall—Dr. Dalloway's clear and resonant, somewhat raised, expressing concern, Mrs. Carr's, the butler's, a lady's very soft and deprecatory, mingled with little notes of apologetic laughter.

Geoffrey and Leila started apart, she rising as rosy and divinely smiling as Venus new born from the waves, he to drop from estasy to horror.

It was Alicia's voice.

CHAPTER NINE. "The Game is Mine."

"WHAT is it, doctor?"

"Nothing, really. Could you hear us then? A lady has met with a slight accident, twisted her foot scrambling down the gravel pit in the plantation. She was trespassing, and admits she has no right to your hospitality, Mrs. Berris."

"Why, of course. Where is she?" cried the happy Leila.

Dalloway interposed. "You certainly are to have nothing to do with it," he said. "Mrs. Carr is there to march you back to your room. My orders."

"You surrendered the position," laughed Leila.

She made a movement towards Geoffrey.

"No, Mrs. Carr is to take you," said Dalloway resolutely. "There has been quite enough agitation."

She drooped, flushing gloriously. Geoffrey did not look towards her; he did not look at Dalloway. Leila excused his agitation by her own.

When the door had closed Geoffrey faced round. The doctor's gaze was bent on something in his hand.

"The lady's card—Miss de Castro. She claims an acquaintance with you, Mr. Berris, through some mutual friends in Johannesburg." And he looked up unconcernedly.

"Ah," said Berris, "did she ask for *me?*"

"Oh no, merely mentioned it as some excuse for her intrusion."

"Is she really hurt?"

"Her foot is really twisted," Dalloway smiled. "I took the liberty of showing her into my little room at the end of the hall. She asks leave to wait here till a conveyance has been brought from somewhere—station or village."

Berris made no answer. The doctor laid the card down and went away.

Instantly Geoffrey stepped forward, took it up, stared at it.

Was this to be the way of it, then—here and now, under Leila's roof!

As far as he was concerned it was, perhaps, as well. He must get away from Leila. Passion was unlashed. But his feeling for Alicia was a cold anger that could look murder in the eyes and not shrink back. And her letter? She had followed on it, giving him no time for a reply.

He strode to the door, opened it, and stood listening.

Leila was shut in her room again under the vigilant eye of Mrs. Carr. At the far end of the hall a door stood ajar—there were Alicia and Dalloway.

Alicia—here! She wronged him vilely by being here. It was a base and ignoble piece of treachery; so base, he thought, that his own conduct stood out excusable beside it.

As he stood there, listening, waiting, tense to meet he knew not what, the nurse still remaining in attendance upon Leila came out of the doctor's room with a bowl and sponges, and disappeared, a bright spot of colour in her lilac gown, down the long passage leading to the servants' quarters. Something in the sight, the association of it, the daring of it, the trickery it suggested, drove Geoffrey for a moment blind with rage. Then, since anger has the most backbone of any of the emotions, white with it, his eyes blazing, he strode down the hall.

What matter that Dalloway was there. Dalloway knew—he suspected, he knew something; what else than a warning had his interruption just now been? He tapped on the door and entered. Alicia, gorgeously dressed, handsomer than he had ever seen her, leant forward over her hurt, half-bandaged foot.

Dalloway looked up. "I beg your pardon," said Berris involuntarily.

Alicia did *not* look up. "I am overwhelmed," she said. Geoffrey thought he heard laughter in her voice. "Doctor——"

"Dalloway——"

"Doctor Dalloway, how can I ever thank you? Mr. Berris," now their eyes met, "I am afraid you don't remember me, but we *have* met—at the Manuels, once or twice in Johannesburg."

There was a moment's utter silence; only while a man breathes once or twice, but it seemed long to Alicia, her eyes on her husband's face; it seemed long to Dalloway, putting the delicate foot back into the mutilated shoe; it seemed long to Geoffrey.

"I remember you perfectly," said Geoffrey. "I am sorry for your accident. Are you much hurt?"

Alicia leant back with a little laugh. Dalloway rose and busied himself at his bureau.

"It is nothing. Doctor Dalloway has worked magic. If I might trespass on your hospitality till I can procure some sort of a conveyance?"

"One of the men has gone," Dalloway spoke without turning.

Alicia rose, touched the ground, and gave a little scream.

Now Dalloway looked round. "Oh, you mustn't walk on it," he said. "If you will take my arm—Mr. Berris, if you will help Miss de Castro the other side——"

"Where are you taking me?" laughed Alicia, limping between them. "I am so ashamed of myself—I was trepassing; I feel so unpardonably an intruder——"

Dalloway glanced askance at Geoffrey's face.

"I suggest the library," he said, "there is a remarkably fine couch there for a foot needing rest."

So there was in the morning-room, but Leila had just left that.

It was pretty clear to Geoffrey, if it came to it, Doctor Dalloway would not need much explanation.

* * * * *

When the door had closed upon the doctor, gone to hasten the arrival of a conveyance, Alicia lay back, closing her eyes.

There was a strongly-marked pause.

"What do you want?" said Geoffrey, with an effort.

"Want! Did you expect never to see me again?"

"I did not expect to see you here."

"No, that's why I came. I wanted to see this precious Leila—and—have some general idea how you were living and what you were doing. You seem very comfortable, but your uncle must have been a miser. There's no heap of money spent on this place."

He was silent. "All the more for me," said Alicia, sitting up. "Ah!" she winced, "I've hurt my wretched foot far more than I meant."

"Than you meant?"

"Of course. How else could I have got in? Did you want me to come up to the door and ask if my husband was at home?"

"Good Heavens, Alicia—not—not that here——"

She surveyed him critically. "I've taken a lot of trouble about this meeting, Geoffrey. I'm surprised it didn't occur to you that I should want to come down and see the place. I stayed last night in the village inn, walked over this morning, wrenched my foot, spoke to a gardener, and was admitted by the back way exactly as I had planned, only I did not plan to hurt myself quite so much."

A PICTURE PAPER

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I suppose you are reading "The Secrets of Success" now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY. If you are at all ambitious you can't afford to miss this series. It means money in your pocket, and the esteem of your fellow-men to you.

"Why couldn't you wait?" said Geoffrey, his back to her. "I was coming to town to-day."

"Because of my letter?"

"Not solely. Miss Merrion is now far enough recovered to stand it."

"Stand what?"

"The discovery of my deception."

"Oh, you are going to tell her. What did you send me all that money for?"

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't it a bribe to keep silence?"

"If it was, I bribe no longer. I couldn't take it upon me to endanger her life. I have not that excuse now."

"And so you're going to tell her and come back to me, and we're to live happily on three hundred a year. No, my dear Geoffrey, I've tasted blood—every penny of that money's gone, and I want more."

"Your conditions are impossible," said Geoffrey. "You want money—for that you consider I am here—and you want me too."

"Why not? This is only a form of marriage."

A cruel rejoinder rose to the man's lips; he kept it back.

"And for that reason——" he stopped.

"For that reason—what?"

"We can't discuss it here. It is too odious."

"I really don't see why."

He was not looking at her, or her expression might have somewhat warned him. Under the smoulder of his deadly anger that she was here at all, was some wonder at the quiet of her manner. For the rest he was just then scarcely mentally engaged in summing her up.

She was jealous—yes, but another woman had got into Geoffrey Berris's blood.

Alicia and all her hatefulness were now only part of the tragedy narrowing down upon him. If he was to lose Leila, if he were to be disgraced in her sight, Alicia and her best and worst would weigh no more with him than the dust he trod on.

He turned on her suddenly. "You don't see why we shouldn't discuss this business here? We don't think alike! I would rather be dead than own to what I've done. I am not sure it is not to be less a coward to shoot myself than admit it."

"If you could only shoot me!" mocked Alicia. "Now, listen, Geoffrey—I have only two conditions. I know what the estates are worth, I've taken the trouble to find out. I shall want money in proportion, and I meant what I said when I saw you before. This girl is only a bed-ridden invalid—stay on and make what you can of it. You're not uncomfortable. I am moving from Bessemer Street, and—what does it matter if we *are* seen together? I'm nothing to be ashamed of, and who cares what people think. *I shall know*——"

Berris had his back to her; suddenly moving, he turned on her a look so white and dangerous that Alicia shrank and fell back involuntarily, clutching her wounded foot. The next instant, with a fierce sound, she rallied. She stood up, wincing, gripping at any support, but heedless of the pain.

Her look was between fury and triumph, the exultation of having drawn a bow at a venture and seen it hit.

"Ah, I thought as much," she said. "I thought as much. That's why I've been so quiet; that's why I came. You're here for *love*—not money. You've thought you had the laugh of me, haven't you—an invalid—dying! and you have been——"

The door unclosed; opening inwardly, as it swung back, it hid Alicia.

It was Leila who swept in, radiant, triumphant in wilfulness, a vision of youthful beauty, crowned with expectation, glorified by love's desire, the perfume of the spring about her, the joy of spring in her fair, arch face—Leila, loving and beloved.

"Geoffrey," she cried, "when I heard it was a friend of yours——" she stopped, seeing Alicia.

Berris stood there, blinded—literally blinded, it seemed to him; the sight gone from his eyes, the hearing from his ears.

"I am very sorry to hear that"; it was Leila's voice. "Everything has been done, I hope——"

"Everything." The blackness cleared. Alicia had said something. She limped forward. Berris moved mechanically, and took her hand upon his arm. "Even to Mr. Berris, whom I have met before, being so kind as to entertain me while—Ah," she faltered, "my foot hurts me really; I am so sorry——"

Dalloway appeared in the doorway. He took no notice of Leila or the disobedience of her presence.

"Miss de Castro, we are fortunate," he said; "a conveyance on its way to the village has been annexed—you must not think of returning to town to-night."

"I hope," said Leila in the background, "to hear to-morrow of your complete recovery." Alicia's lips were too drawn with pain to answer.

As she was helped into the low pony carriage, she pressed Geoffrey's arm. "So—*that* is Leila Merrion! To-night—at the inn—the *game is mine*. You understand."

(Another long instalment next week.)

"You were out shooting the other day, I hear. Have any luck?"

"Well, I brought home one small animal."

"What was it?"

"A live dog."

IRATE CUSTOMER: "Look here, young man, I bought this hair tonic from you, and it is absolutely worthless."

Barber: "We can't help that, sir."

Irate Customer: "But you guaranteed each bottle."

Barber: "Exactly, sir, but we didn't guarantee the tonic."

REVENGING AN INJURY.

AN ironworker having had the worst of an argument with a friend decided to get even with him.

Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door, and knocked loudly to awaken him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," replied the outside man, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other as he went away satisfied with the plot.

"SHE'S not so pensive as she was before you married her."

"No; she is expensive now."

"You know her to speak to, then?"

"Oh, no."

"I thought you knew her quite well."

"So I do. I wouldn't say I knew her to speak to, but I know her to be talked to death by."

WILLIE: "Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places."

Ma: "No; don't be ridiculous."

Willie: "Well, Mr. Jiggs said he was going to the Tyrol for his lungs."

NOTIFYING THE RESEMBLANCE.

"EXCUSE me," said the new neighbour, as he leaned over the fence, "you have a daughter who plays the piano, I believe."

"I have," answered the man on the porch.

"Well," said the other, "I have been a great student of nature in my time—have spent many years on a farm—and I want to say that your daughter's music reminds me of the music of a brook."

"Ah," said the pleased father, "I confess that there is an undefinable, murmuring sweetness running through her music that resembles a brook, now that you have called my attention to it."

"Yes," agreed the new neighbour, "there is all that. And, besides, there is another way in which the resemblance is very marked. Probably you have read that line that calls attention to the fact that the brook goes on for ever."

And with a cold stare he walked slowly back to his porch and picked up his newspaper.

STOUT FOLK'S TROUBLES.

In itself obesity is sometimes an all but intolerable burden; as a condition favourable to the development of many other distressing ailments, extreme corpulence is one of the worst afflictions. Apart from the enfeeblement of the action of the vital organs, notably the heart, owing to the accumulation of superfluous internal fat, the nervous system is often seriously impaired, and the digestive process gives much trouble and pain. Incidentally, when the digestion is faulty the blood becomes impure, owing to the retention in the system of partially or wholly undigested matter, giving rise to all sorts of minor complaints. Constipation sets in, with headaches, flatulence, depression, biliousness, and chronic indigestion. The condition of the blood in these circumstances is conducive to gout and rheumatism, the kidneys and liver failing to perform their work with regularity and normal thoroughness.

This seems a long list of ills with which to indict the fiend Obesity; but facts, alas! prove the truth of the indictment.

But why let things remain in this state when to remedy them is so simple and easy a matter? Antipon, the great remedy for the permanent cure of corpulence, has cured thousands and thousands of cases where many of the symptoms we have just described were of the worst character. Antipon, in fact, is not only a fat-absorbent of remarkable power, destroying at once the superfluous fatty deposits and the tendency to turn everything eaten into fat, but its tonic properties are of the highest value. This is particularly noticeable in the wonderful improvement in the digestive process.

Antipon thoroughly tones up and strengthens the digestive organs and assists assimilation and nutrition. The appetite is greatly improved, and as the larger amount of food taken is properly digested the effect upon the whole system is reinvigorating in the highest degree. The blood is enriched and purified, and muscular re-development, without fatty impregnation, but firm, solid muscular tissue, proceeds satisfactorily. Thus wholesome food becomes Antipon's ally—its only help, in fact. No useless dietary rules, no exhausting exercises, no drugging, no excessive cathartics, enter into the Antipon treatment, which is therefore a standing confutation of all old-time theories and practices in respect to fat reduction. The Antipon treatment bears permanent fruit, restoring health, strength, and vitality, as well as beauty of figure. The doses are small. In appearance like a red wine, Antipon is a pleasantly tart tonic liquid, composed of harmless vegetable substances. Nothing of a mineral or otherwise noxious character enters into its composition. It causes no stomachic or other disturbance, and can be taken in the strictest privacy and without any inconvenience or discomfort.

The fat-absorption begins from the first dose, and within a day and a night there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb. Then every day there is a diminution, sure and satisfactory, until the figure is restored to an elegant shape and the weight to normal standard. The doses may then be discontinued with the full assurance that the cure is complete. If any stout person desires to look and feel years younger, let him (or her) follow a course of Antipon, which is as marvellously efficacious as it is pleasant, easy, and economical.

Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, the Antipon Co., 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Try Cucumber as a Vegetable. First cut up into thin strips, dredge thickly with flour, and fry till a light-brown colour.

Boiled Hominy. Soak one cupful of hominy overnight in cold water. In the morning pour off the water and put the hominy on in a quart of cold water, season with salt, bring to the boil and then cook for five minutes, and serve in the same way as oatmeal porridge.

A Wholesome Salad Dressing should be as simple as possible. One spoonful of vinegar, two of oil, with pepper, salt, and a little made mustard leaves nothing to be desired. On the other hand, very rich dressing, with cream, etc., are very apt to disagree with people.

Dry Damsons for Winter in the following way: Spread ripe damsons on coarse cloths twice folded, lay on baking sheets. Then dry the fruit in a cool oven till it resembles fresh prunes. Store these in a dry place. Soak for a few hours in warm water previous to cooking.

American Apple Pie. Cover a buttered plate with a thin layer of pastry. Pare, core, and cut into thin slices sufficient apples to fill it. Scatter sugar over them thickly, and season with ground cinnamon. Dot small pieces of butter over the top. Cover with a top crust and bake until the apples are soft.

For Muffins. To every pound of flour mix one egg, one ounce of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Melt the butter in half a pint of milk. Beat the mixture thoroughly, and set it to rise for two hours. Form into cakes, and bake on a griddle. When the bottoms are brown, turn and bake on the other side. (*Reply to* J. M. E.)

Chili Sauce. Four quarts of tomatoes, fourteen onions, six long peppers, six large spoonfuls of coarse brown sugar, one of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, ditto, cloves and allspice. Skin the tomatoes, chop the onions fine, add to the dry ingredients, and boil all gently for about an hour. Bottle while hot and tie over with bladder.

Milk Jelly is an inexpensive and good mould for children. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in water, strain and put into one pint of milk, which must be boiled with half the rind of a lemon, add one ounce of sugar, and let the milk, etc., stand on the side of the stove for ten minutes. Rinse a pint mould in cold water, strain the milk, etc., into it and allow to set.

Curry Toast. The remains of a fowl or some veal should be used for this dish. Remove all the meat that may be left and chop it finely, add to this a little gravy and cream. Flour the mixture, then season lightly with pepper, salt, and curry powder; warm thoroughly and serve on rounds of fried bread, with a very fine dusting of grated lemon rind scattered over. Curry toast must always be served very hot. (*Reply to* Eldora.)

Fried Vegetable Marrow is a good dish. Boil a large fresh marrow in the usual way, but cut it into even pieces about three inches long by two broad. Drain and set aside to get cold. Then brush over each piece with oiled butter and dredge thickly with flour. Let the butter set and then brush over with egg and dip into breadcrumbs. Put into a frying-basket and cook to a golden colour in deep fat. (*Reply to* Vegetarian.)

Stewed Mushrooms. Wash, dry, and peel the mushrooms. Melt two ounces of butter in a stewpan, put the mushrooms in and carefully turn them so as to be covered in butter. Directly the juice begins to flow, draw the pan to the side of the stove, and gently stew for quarter of an hour. Boil a little cream or milk, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar and grated lemon peel, and serve all together on a piece of toast.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Salt Beef will be a nice colour when boiled if a little saltpetre is added to the pickle.

The Proportions for Jam are: Three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; should the fruit be very acid, allow an equal pound to a pound.

Damp in a New House may be absorbed by placing boxes of lime in the rooms near where the damp threatens to betray itself. Directly the lime is damp, change it. No substance appears to absorb damp more readily than this.

When Making a Ginger Cake or pudding add the grated rind and juice of one large orange.

To Take Stains off Marble Wash-stand. Rub with a piece of fresh lemon, or any good crystal soap. (*Reply to* J. H. B.)

To Destroy Cockroaches, scatter powdered borax freely in their haunts, and the pest will shortly vanish.

A Dirty Silk Umbrella will be greatly improved by sponging with a little beer, which should be slightly warmed.

Ice may be kept, even in hot weather, by those who have not a refrigerator, by wrapping it lightly in a blanket and keeping it in a cool cellar.

Pads for Stair Carpets may be made of shrunken, half-worn bed blankets. These should be laid smoothly under the carpets.

In a Baby's Bottle use very little sugar, and always add a pinch of salt. This is particularly necessary when condensed milk is used.

Lemonade should never be made in a tin vessel, as the acid of the lemons with the tin forms a poison which is very apt to produce severe sickness.

Prevent Syrup from crystalising by adding two or three drachms of citric acid to each gallon of syrup. Those who prefer it may add cream of tartar in the same way.

Punctuality in a Household is a most important matter, and the only way of keeping things going smoothly in either large or small families.

Soak Bread, Custard, and Batter Puddings in a basin for an hour before cooking. Then beat all together, pour into a dish, and cook at once. Delay will spoil a batter, as it allows time for the flour to sink.

To Clarify Sugar. Break the sugar into a copper pan, and to each pound allow two gills of water. Place on the stove, and gradually allow it to boil. Carefully remove the scum as it rises; now throw in an additional half-pint of water, and allow it to boil again. Skim very thoroughly, and strain through muslin. (*Reply to* Nancy.)

These Bathroom Hints should be adopted in every well regulated house. Keep all sponges clean and sweet and dry them each day in the sun. For perspiring feet try alum or vinegar in the washing water. Keep large towels in the bathroom, and a small piece of blanket to stand on, both of which should be constantly aired on the line. Use either good yellow or curd soap in the bathroom—not any chance variety.

To Revive Withered Flowers which have been packed, or carried for some distance, is not always easy. The following plan I have adopted and found very satisfactory. Plunge the stalks into hot water and allow them to stand till the water is cold. Then cut off the ends of the stalks and arrange the flowers in cold water. Thus treated flowers will last wonderfully in the vases. (*Reply to* Clapham.)

To Give Paper the Appearance of Parchment follow this recipe, and you will have a tough substance. First procure some concentrated sulphuric acid and mix it with half its quantity of water. Pass some good rough paper quickly through this liquid, wash in several waters, and the change is effected. Have a pair of tweezers with which to hold the paper, for such a strong solution would burn your skin and cause great pain. (Reply to Plymouth Reader.)

ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese lower class abounds in women pleasing to the European eye. They are often no darker than Italians, and they have colouring Giorgione loved—rich blood damasking a clear, sun-brown cheek.

They have the true rose-bud mouth, small and full, with beautifully white teeth, whose smallness is in keeping with the general petite effect. Sometimes, in married women, the teeth are barbarously blackened to please a jealous husband.

Their eyes are not so slit and beady as those of the upper class, and their magnificent brown-black hair is notorious. But the Japanese grisette never shows to such advantage as at a fair or a tea-house. She loves little merry-makings, and gets herself up with such fascinating quaintness, in her very gayest kimono and obe, and hairpins, under a circular parasol, with all the colours of the rainbow, and her favourite poem—Japanese poems have but thirty-one syllables—upon it.

She buys toys and candies with fractions of halfpence; sips watery-looking tea from ridiculous little cups whose saucers never match them; gives you a pretty little simper and runs away as fast as her clogs will let her shuffle.

HAVE YOU RED HAIR?

An eminent man of science has recently declared that red-haired people are far less apt to grow bald than those with other coloured hair.

The average crop on the head of a red-haired person is only 20,200 hairs. Ordinary dark hair is far finer, and over three dark hairs take up the space of one red one; 105,000 are about the average.

But fair-haired people are still better off; 140,000 to 160,000 are quite a common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman. This authority does not comment on the peculiarities of red-haired people, but it is well-known that they are of a more passionate nature than others, and often of a fine and sensitive disposition akin to what is known as the artistic temperament.

SHOULD WIDOWS MARRY AGAIN?

If a woman be alone in the world it would be a hard lot indeed which would consign her to perpetual widowhood.

It is not, however, always that a widow is left without children, and, though the case is complicated by their presence, there is no doubt that they may serve to bring a solution of their own to a problem which may cause their mother much consideration. Perhaps the woman has a daughter, or more than one daughter, and she sees that, with the means with which she has been left, she is unable to advance their interests in the world as she would like to, and, indeed, as she feels she ought to do.

If she marry again she will find not only a home for them, but a better prospect of settling them in the world, and enabling them to marry well and have homes of their own.

TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES.

Grey is said to be the colour of talent and shrewdness. Great thinkers have grey eyes. In women they indicate a better head than heart.

"There is one variety of grey eye of which the lover should beware," says an expert in eyeology. "It is the soft eye with a large pupil that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling.

"An eye that laughs, that sighs almost; that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms. A wonderful eye that wins you, whether you will or not, and holds you after it has cast you off, no matter whether the face be fair or not."

A hazel-eyed woman, according to these same experts, you can generally rely on. She never descends to scandal, never talks too much or too little, prefers her husband's comfort to her own, and is, on the whole, an intellectual, agreeable, lovable creature.

Black eyes are symbolical of fire, firmness, and heroism. Sometimes they have a trace of diabolism in their rays that have a potent attraction over men's hearts.

A prominent or full eye indicates command of language, ready and universal observation.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A GOOD CARRIAGE.

A pretty figure is a more valuable possession even than a lovely face, because it lasts so much longer. Possessed of an elegant figure, a woman can, if at the same time well dressed, scarcely fail to appear distinguished. The interesting article on how to acquire a good carriage and to improve the figure, written by Edwin Wooton in this week's issue of that useful little paper Home Notes, should prove useful to many. This is the ideal season for boating, and it is convenient to be able to carry the cushions for your boat in as compact a form as possible. The sketch and particulars given in the above-mentioned magazine will be of great service to those living near the river or seaside. Price one penny, published on Friday.

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Whitsun Monday . .	*June 12.*
Bank Holiday . . .	*August 7.*
Christmas Day .	*December 25.*
Boxing Day . .	*December 26.*

AUGUST.					
B		6	13	20	27
M		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

SEPTEMBER.					
S		3	10	17	24
M		4	11	18	25
T		5	12	19	26
W		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

OCTOBER.					
S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
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P.W. Aug. 24th, 1905.

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For Summer Breakfasts & Suppers

ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA

As you will see by the announcement on the front page of this number, we shall shortly start a competition of a novel description. The first prize will consist of £100 *a year for Five Years*—which, in view of the fact that the contest will run for eight weeks only, makes it the most liberal prize ever offered. The competition will be the first of a series, and the first prize in each contest will be the same—viz., £100 a year for Five Years. This prize will under no circumstances be divided, nor will there be any possibility of tieing competitors; by a simple arrangement this has been avoided. The competition itself will be simple and pleasant, and nothing quite like it has ever appeared before. Next week I shall have something more to say about the scheme.

C. H. M. writes in reference to a recent "Illustrated Par." showing how to measure the height of a tree. He has a better plan. "Plant a stick in the ground, then measure the length of the shadows cast by the tree and stick, also the height of the stick. The rest is simple 'rule of three' sum, and will give the height of the tree. For example: Height of stick, 2 feet; length of shadow, 3 feet; length of shadow of tree, 30 feet; the height would be 20 feet."——Thanks, C. H. M. I trust there will be enough sunshine during the next few weeks for my readers to test the experiment. You are probably going to have a holiday yourself like everyone else, and your ingenuity deserves a cloudless sky. Hence my good wishes. (The Editor is just going for his own summer trip. That's what he's thinking of, C. H. M.—SUB-ED.)

J. T. tells of a curious incident that recently took place. A dinner party was being given at a friend's house, and an extra assistant was needed. The maid was told to go and ask a Mr. Blakeway if he would come to the house and wait. She went, and in a little while she informed her mistress that Mr. Blakeway was waiting in the library. Then the family made a discovery, that instead of calling on Mr. Blakeway, the greengrocer, she had been to the family solicitor, who had the same name. Needless to say the lawyer soon joined the merry party, and made a welcome addition to the circle.——An amusing incident, J. T. I wonder if others of my readers have met with similar blunders arising from a confusion of names?

REGINALD (Barnsley) asks the meaning of the term "split infinitive."——This is a form of doubtful grammar which has become so general that it is a question whether any but the most pedantic would object to its use. It consists in dividing the two parts of the verb by some other word or words; as an example, "*to* emphatically *declare*," instead of "*to declare* emphatically." The subject recalls a good story of a noted swindler who was at last brought to justice, and the judge, in passing a sentence of seven years, urged the prisoner "*to* earnestly *endeavour*" to live an altered life. The prisoner broke down and wept. "It is not the seven years that grieves me," he said amid his tears. "I could do that on my head. It's being sentenced by a judge who uses a split infinitive. This is punishment indeed."

BOB is indignant. He speaks of himself as a plain, blunt Englishman, with "no side about him." He states his grievance. It appears that Bob's brother, when a boy, was fond of reading, and has followed his bent. He passed examinations, won scholarships, and finally took "some wonderful degree" at Cambridge. From that he became a secretary to a member of Parliament, and afterwards an author, and got in with "some stylish folk," one of whom he married. Now comes Bob's trouble. "My sister-in-law is real nice," he says, "and treats me O.K., just as if I was, what I really am, you know, a relation. But her people are downright rude to me, and though I've tried to be friendly, they treat me as if an outsider. I think this is a bit mean, considering it was my brother who had the brains that made them quite willing to snap him up as a good catch for one of their girls."——I think Bob is a little unreasonable. People have a perfect right to choose their own friends in this world, and it is hardly fair of him to misjudge his brother's relations by marriage just because they don't include him in the family circle. After all, his brother's brains are not his brains, and he must not expect that every door that is opened to his brother is open to him. In more things than association and friendship it is getting to be a fact that no one can take his position by what his relations have done. He must make his stand for himself.

J. P. C. sends me an interesting item. It is an envelope which was duly delivered by the post-office. It has no stamp, but there is an official note in the corner: "Stamp eaten by mice in letter-box." Needless to say the P.O. made no surcharge.

F. R. M. suggests that steamship companies should provide dark-rooms for developing photographs on their steamers. Snapshotting at sea seems a popular sport, but the enthusiastic photographer must needs wait till he gets on land to know if his work be good or bad.——I commend the idea to the companies. I am not a photographer, but see no objection to the proposal as long as neither the kitchen nor the smoking saloon is sacrificed to make room for the artist of the kodak.

L. S. L. (Highbury, N.), writing in reference to my answer to J. P. some weeks ago on the uses of straw as signs, gives yet another instance. He says that "straw, plaited in a horse's tail, indicates that the horse is for sale."——This is very interesting, and explains a sight that puzzles most people. It really seems that there is a very extensive language of signs in straw. Are readers aware of any other ways by which information is given without written or spoken language being used?

E. W. H. asks me to settle a dispute between himself and two friends on a point of grammar. His question is: "In the sentence 'The following is a list of deductions,' what part of speech is the word 'following'?" One of his friends says it is a noun, another that it is a verb, and another that it is an adverb.——It is none of the three, E. W. H. It is an adjective, for the reason that the word "list" is implied after the word "following." Of course, the word is both a noun and a verb when used in certain other senses.

EDMUND complains that in many businesses promotion comes as a result of favouritism rather than merit. He is in a Government position, and he notices that those who "toady" to the higher officials seem to get on, while the ones who simply mind their business keep where they are. As he never "toadies" he has had no advance for three years.——I am sorry for you, EDMUND, and hope things will soon alter. An independent spirit is admirable, and ought to help to lead to success. But are you sure that you have stated all the case? This is a very human world, and even "superior authorities" are only human. Without "toadying," as you call it, you can use tact, and treat even a superior in a manner that, without hurting your independence, would be welcome to him. There is nothing lost by politeness. Do you know, EDMUND, that some people who have to work over others are very likely to mistake a certain kind of independence for contempt, and to act accordingly.

DREAMER is rather fond, on his own confession, of stories like Bellamy's "Looking Backward," that deal with the future. He draws a wonderful picture of London in a hundred years' time. "A city of offices, warehouses, and factories, the home of millions in the day-time, but deserted at night." This is pretty true already, but he goes on: "The suburbs will be a thing of the past, for even factory girls and shoeblacks will be able to come from the heart of Devonshire or the hills of Wales in less than an hour, and at a cost of a few pence. There will be no overcrowding then, as the city worker will be able to live at Bournemouth as easily as he can now at Brixton."——Well done, DREAMER, I like your spirit. That about no overcrowding is particularly fine. But it isn't quite true yet. There is still a great deal of overcrowding in our big cities, and especially in London. It is well that people should dream of the future, but there is a duty for the present as well. So many children of the slums are doomed to live in the heavy, closely-packed warrens of the East-end. Ninepence will take a child into the country for a whole day if you only send it along to the Fresh Air Fund. Come, ye DREAMERS, and see if between you you cannot have a DREAMER'S Day.

THE "special" Fresh Air Fund outing day for next week is "Fleming Day," August 21st; "W. J. Corder's Day" was August 14th (omitted from last week's list).

AMOUNTS previously acknowledged, £1,746 16s. 9d.

Loampits, Tonbridge, £4 1s.; A Friend, 9d.; S. H. Dawson, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Wood, 5s.; Page Boys of the Coburg Hotel, 5s.; Mrs. F., 2s. 6d.; M. L., 3s.; 89, 1s.; Masonic Lodge St. Andrew, No. 966 S.C., per J. H. Stephenson, £2; H. V. Leigh, 1s.; C. B. Browne, 10s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; A Lover of Fresh Air, 6s.; L. Edwards, 2s. 3d.; Mikroo, 6d.; In Memory of Dear Little Jack, 3s.; "Boltonian," 3s.; Pemberton, 2s.; Miss Warren, 3s.; Two Drowned Babies, 9d.; E. J. W., 2s.; Florrie Wheelan, 1s. 6d.; Southsea, 10s. 6d.; Cardiff, 9d.; Crowndale, 8s.; J. T. W. S., 3s.; Ormuz, 2s. 3d.; Rapidal, 5s.; Laura Davies, £1 1s.; Duncan and Kathleen, 1s. 6d.; E. L. Mansergh, £1; J. H. Fry, £1; Augusta Congreve, 10s.; B. L., 10s.; J. Moon, Johannesburg, £1 1s; E. B. Gibs, 9d.; Mother of Two, 3s.; Violet and Margaret Ashwent, 1s. 6d.; H. L. H., 10s.; Bristol Exotic, 1s.; G. W., 2s. 3d.; Fletwick, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Tarleton, 2s.; C. F. Coward, 5s.; "Tasca," 1s. 1½d.; Mary Capes, 1s. 6d.; Lest We Forget, 3s.; Mrs. King, 5s.; A North Country County Coroner, £2 8s.; Best Wishes, 1s.; E. B., 1s. 6d.; L. S. M., 2s. 3d.; R. J. W. T., £1; A. N. O. N., 3s.; Mr. and Mrs. Death, 4s. 9d.; Miss Ambrose, 3s. 3d.; Mr. C. Harris, 1s.; Mrs. J. P. Denyer, 10s. 6d.; J. B. S., 3s.; M. G., 9d.; Mrs. Palmer, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Fitzgerald, 1s.; Yours Truly, 15s.; Anon., 5s.; T. W. Horncastle, 1s.; Miss M. Gordon, 10s.; K. Goodyear, Port Elizabeth, £2 2s.; Messrs. Knight and Chatmers, and Miss Tobias, 7s. 6d.; Miss Littler, 4s.; A Grateful Mother and Son, 2s.; F. G. Bucknall, 1s. 6d.; E. Simons, £3; Anon., Ealing, 2s. 6d.; Muriel and Trevor Sweetman, 9d.; Rose Terr, 2s.; +, 4s.; W. B., £3; A. M. and H. L. C., £1 1s.; "Cecil," 3s.; H. Hoover, 4s.; L. M. N., Exeter, 9d.; T. Armstrong, £2; Green Room Club, Asst. Secretary, £1 1s.; H. W. G. F., 10s.; E. R. H., 2s.; Anon., £2 2s.; H. Patton, 1s.; A Friend, 9d.; E. H., Croydon, 3s.; Anon., 5s.; Bream, 2s. 6d.; Officers of Boys' Brigade, Ballywalter, per Adah Sumner, 12s.; Mrs. Carter, 6s.; Rev. G. Christian, 10s.; A Thankoffering, 3s.; Carmine J. Smith, 12s.; E. G., 9d.; A. H. G., 9d.; Kathleen, Bath, 3s.; A. Bertram, 10s.; All England Tennis and Croquet Club, per A. Palmer, £1 11s.; Marjorie Francis, 2s. 3d.; Winifred M. Wheeler, Brother and Sisters, 12s.; E. B., 5s.; Jessie Martin, 1s. 6d.; Shirley, 2s 6d.; Mac, 1s. 6d.; G. M. Ehrenfest, 2s. 6d.; W. Bay, 9d.; Catherine, 2s.; A. L. Adams, 3s.; C. Harrison, 5s.; B., 1s. 6d.; Mabs, 9s.; Neath, 5s. 3d.; For Edgar's Sake, £1 10s.; In Memory of Ernie, 5s.; N. Rochdale, 1s. 6d.; North Curry, 5s.; A. D., 2s. 6d.; "Edith," 10s.

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